

THE ASHBURIAN



ASHBURY  COLLEGE
OTTAWA

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THE ASHBURIAN



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ASHBURY COLLEGE
Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Canada

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CONTENTS

The Board of Governors	2
The Staff	4
School Officers	5
Notes	6
Junior School Matron	7
Obituary	7
The Closing Ceremonies	8
Valedictory	11
Prize List	12
The Hughson Memorial Steps	14
The Eric Beardmore Memorial	15
Ashbury Day	16
Action Ashbury	18
The Ashbury College Association	20
Father and Son Night 74	21
Leaving Class Smoker	22
Staff Departures	23
Administrative Assistant	24
New Members of the Academic Staff	25
The Chapel	25
Musica Viva	26
"H.M.S. Pinafore"	26
Speaking — Debating	27
The Ladies' Guild — President's Report	28
Ashbury Student Companies	29
Outdoor Education	30
The "Upper Crust"	32
Sports Section	33
Senior School Form List	43
Literary Section	47
The Junior Ashburian	65
School Register	114
Acknowledgement	121

STAFF — 1973-74

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ASSISTANT HEADMASTER

J. J. Marland, A.C.P., Cert. Ed., M.I.N.O. (Lond.), Teacher's Certificate (Ontario and U.K.) — Head of Department of Mathematics

DIRECTOR OF THE SENIOR SCHOOL

P. H. Josselyn, B.A. (Nottingham), Dip. Ed. (U.K.) — Head of Department of English

DIRECTOR OF THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

M. H. E. Sherwood, M.Ed. (Massachusetts), B.A. (Carleton) — English

A. H. Addison — Tutor

R. J. Anderson, C.D. — Director of Athletics; Geography

Lt. Cdr. G. W. Babbitt, C.D., R.C.N. (Retd.) — English

Mrs. G. W. Babbitt, 1st Class Teacher's Licence (New Brunswick) — Mathematics

J. L. Beedell, B. Sc. (Carleton), Ottawa Teachers' College — Science, Outdoor Education

B. W. Bellamy, B. Sc. (Carleton) — Chemistry, Mathematics

F. T. Bellware, M. Sc. (Carleton) — Biology, Physics

J. C. Boone, M. Ed. (New York) — Geography

D. J. Brookes (The National Band, Department of National Defence) — Band

J. O. Cann, B.A. (Guelph) — Mathematics, Geography, English

F. C. Ferneyhough — Mathematics, Geography

J. A. Glover, M.A. (Oxon.) — Head of Department of Moderns; French, German

F. K. Graham, Mus. B. (Toronto), F.R.C.O., F.R.C.C.O., A.R.C.T. — Director of Music; French

The Reverend E. E. Green, B.A. Toronto, B.D. — Chaplain; Public Speaking, World Religions

J. H. Humphreys — Oral French

G. E. Hyatt, B.Sc. (Bishop's) — Chemistry, Mathematics

C. J. Inns, B.A. (Wales) — Housemaster of Years 4/5 Boarders; French

Mrs. J. Kennedy, B.A. (Mount St. Vincent) — Business Studies

Mrs. J. R. Linn — Remedial Reading

G. J. McGuire, B.A. (Queen's) — Physics, Mathematics

K. D. Niles, B.A. (Carleton), Teacher's Certificate (Ontario) — Housemaster of Connaught House Day Boys; English, History

B. J. O'Keefe, B.A. (Carleton) — Mathematics, Geography

K. B. Parks, B. Phys. Ed. (New Brunswick) — Physical Education

M. H. Penton, B.A. (Carleton), Teacher's Certificate (Ontario) — Housemaster of Woolcombe House Day Boys; English, History

D. L. Polk, B.A. (Dartmouth) — Latin, French, History

R. D. Rice, B.A. (Trent) — Librarian

H. J. Robertson, B.A. (South Africa), Associate Teacher of McArthur College of Education, Queen's University; Teacher's Certificate (Ontario); Head of Department of History

T. C. Tottenham, Ottawa Teachers' College — History, Science

B. Wallin, M.A. (Stanford) — Housemaster of Years 1/2/3 Boarders; Latin, English

PHYSICIANS

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C. B. Petrie, M.D.

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Mrs. M. Boyce

K. G. Heed (Accountant)

(Junior School Matron)

Mrs. O. Thurston (Headmaster's Secretary)

Mrs. E. Hamilton (School Nurse)

Mrs. V. E. Gensey (Secretary)

M. Taticek (Chef)

Mrs. J. J. Marland (Matron)

E. Marshall (Steward)

ACTION ASHBURY

Cdr. A. B. German, C.D., R.C.N. (Retd.) (Director of Development)

Mrs. F. E. Leadston

SCHOOL OFFICERS

Captain of the School

D. C. PATERSON

Captain of Connaught House

P. S. T. CROAL

Captain of Woollcombe House

P. G. COPESTAKE

Prefects

R. S. CHILDERS

D. K. GODSELL

D. E. MacLAINE

M. J. MOORE

M. C. ROWLINSON

P. TATICEK

N. A. TRAINOR

H. VEILLEUX

Captain of Football

P. G. COPESTAKE

Captain of Hockey

I. K. BLEACKLEY

Captain of Soccer

D. C. PATERSON

Captain of Skiing

D. C. PATERSON

Captain of Curling

R. S. WALKER

NOTES

The School closed on Saturday, June 15th; details of the ceremonies appear on later pages. As in the two preceding years, a most successful barbecue had been held at the School on the previous evening under the auspices of the Ladies' Guild.

The Headmaster announced the award of Ontario Scholarships to Matthew Rowlinson, Graham Sellers, Frederick Stoddard and Eddie Sung.

On October 13th Their Excellencies The Governor-General and Mrs. Michener opened the new buildings. A full account of the events of this day appears later in these pages.

The system of boarding accommodation was reorganized in September: Years 4 and 5, under the Housemastership of Mr. C. J. Inns, occupied the top flat and quarters in the houses of Messrs. R. J. Anderson, J. C. Boone and J. O. Cann, while Years 1, 2 and 3 occupied the lower flat and the new dormitory wing, with Mr. B. Wallin as Housemaster.

At Christmas time the Ashbury Choir presented a noon-hour programme of English language carols at the National Arts Centre on the occasion of the International Tree Festival.

Ashbury-Elmwood forces gave highly successful performances of "H.M.S. Pinafore" in February and, later in the year, of a series of one-act plays. After the final performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore" Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Macmillan kindly entertained those concerned with the production.

During the Easter break a number of Ashbury students, accompanied by the Chaplain, visited the Holy Land; an account of this visit appears elsewhere in these pages.

In the Fall Mrs. J. J. Marland assumed responsibility for the cleanliness of the School premises, the success of her endeavours becoming readily apparent. Mrs. Jane Kennedy joined the Academic Staff to take charge of the Department of Business Studies. At the end of the Christmas term Mr. F. C. Ferneyhough left to continue his studies, being succeeded in the Departments of Mathematics and Geography by Mr. B. J. O'Keefe. Mr. A. H. Addison joined the Staff as Tutor.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. B. Bellamy on the birth of a son, Aaron, and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Penton on the birth of a second son, Christopher.

Mrs. Mary Boyce has retired from the position of Junior School Matron; a note on Mrs. Boyce appears in the Junior Ashburian. Mr. P. H. Josselyn, Mr. J. C. Boone, Mr. J. O. Cann, Mr. F. K. Graham, and Mr. K. B. Parks have left the Academic Staff to take up employment elsewhere. Further notes on these gentlemen appear later in this publication.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Robertson and their family will take up residence at 224, Springfield Road; Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Tottenham will reside at 250, Springfield Road.

Frederick Stoddard has been awarded the Mercy Neal Southam Scholarship at Carleton University. He was placed 20th out of 5500 candidates in the Waterloo-Toronto University Chemistry Scholarship Test and was offered a Chemistry Research Assistantship by the University of Waterloo in addition to awards by the University of Western Ontario and Queen's University. In the SIN Physics Competition held by the University of Waterloo, Eddie Sung and Frederick Stoddard were placed in the top 2% of all candidates. In the Descartes

Mathematics Competition the Ashbury team, consisting of Francis Lui, Frederick Stoddard and Eddie Sung, took eighth position in our zone. Eddie Sung was placed on the Honour Roll for outstanding performance in the Confederation Life Insurance Annual Mathematics Competition.

In the Ottawa Regional High Schools French Contest Brian McCordick and Claude Pardo received first and eighth prizes respectively in the Special Category for those candidates with a particularly advantageous background in the French language, including francophones attending English-language schools.

Graeme Clark, James Knox, Alexander Perry, David Robinson, William Robinson and Martin Wostenholme have been awarded Entrance Scholarships at Ashbury.

We congratulate Peter Wilson on having qualified as a pilot, thus becoming the youngest pilot in Canada. This is the second time that Ashbury has provided Canada's youngest pilot, Peter McKeown (68-72) having held this distinction at the time of qualifying.

In a Youth Division presentation at the National Arts Centre of tableaux of various composers, Kevin Reeves played the role of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

JUNIOR SCHOOL MATRON

Mrs. A. Watt replaces Mrs. M. Boyce as Junior School Matron. Mrs. Watt, who was formerly Housekeeper at Earnscliffe, the residence of the British High Commissioner, is, like her predecessor, a Scottish lady.

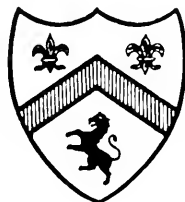
OBITUARY

We regret to announce the death, on Saturday, 3rd August, after a long illness, of Thomas L. Bates (25-30), husband of Mrs. Eleanor Bates, past President of the Ladies' Guild, father of Thomas (66-70) and Christopher, and brother of Lewis Bates (26-30). We extend our sympathy to his family. In Tom Bates, Ashbury has lost a good and loyal friend.

ASHBURY COLLEGE

Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Canada

Eighty-Third Year



Closing Ceremonies

Leavers' Service

Prize Giving

Saturday, June 15, 1974

Leavers' Service

*For the students, their parents and friends
at 2:15 p.m.*

Conducted by the School Chaplain
THE REV. E. E. GREEN, B.A., B.D.
in the
ASHBURY COLLEGE CHAPEL

HYMN 94 — *The School Hymn* — “*He who would valiant be*”

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

OPENING SENTENCES

PRAYERS

THE LORD'S PRAYER

ANTHEM — “*With a Voice of Singing*” — M. Shaw

LESSON — The Headmaster

HYMN — “*Thank You, Lord*”

PRAYERS AND BENEDICTION

HYMN 137 — (Part 2) — “*Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing*”

Programme

Prize Giving 3:00 p.m.

OPENING REMARKS

E. N. RHODES, Jr.
(Ashbury 1946-1954)
Chairman of the Board of Governors

VALEDICTORY

DONALD C. PATERSON
Captain of the School
THE HEADMASTER

ADDRESS

DR. ROGER GUINDON
O.M.I., B.A., L.Ph., L.Th., D.Th., LL.D.
The Rector & Vice-Chancellor of Ottawa University

ACADEMIC PRIZES

presented by
MRS. G. A. HARRIS
President of the Ladies' Guild

MEMORIAL PRIZES

presented by
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. C. A. MALMAEUS
Ambassador of Sweden

ATHLETIC TROPHIES AND SPECIAL AWARDS

presented by
DR. ROGER GUINDON
**The Robert Gerald Moore
Memorial Prize for English**
**The Gary Horning Memorial Shield
For Public Speaking**
**The Charles Rowley Booth
Memorial Trophy**
The Memorial Prizes

CLOSING REMARKS — CHAIRMAN

Refreshments

VALEDICTORY

by the Captain of the School

DONALD PATERSON

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Board, Honoured Guests, Headmaster and Staff, Ladies and Gentlemen, Students of Ashbury.

To-day is a turning-point in my life, as it is for all who have graduated from the School and for those who are leaving not to return next year. We will be relieved to have it all behind us, but also thankful for being fortunate enough to have experienced life, education and sport at Ashbury. It has been unique, trying at times, and, at others, most enjoyable. The things a boy learns at Ashbury, whether he has use for them or not, will accompany him for the rest of his life. For me they will be most useful.

I have attended Ashbury for seven years. This is quite a substantial portion of my life. In that time I have seen Ashbury go through many changes, both in the physical sense and in the attitude of the students. The physical I need hardly mention, as proof of this change stands right behind me in the form of new buildings and facilities that Ashbury has been crying for for ages.

Now, the students: I have witnessed at first hand the Dark Ages at Ashbury. The days of prefects with absolute power; the days when student initiative and individuality were unheard of. I have lived through the Revolution: I have seen the prefects guide the student body towards total rejection of authority and negativity in their attitude. Now, however, we approach the Golden Age of Ashbury. The prefects no longer control the student; instead they hope to guide him. In the future more emphasis must be shifted toward the students. They must be even more willing to involve themselves in the School than ever before. My biggest complaint is directed toward the nine to five Ashbury boy who attends the School between these hours, but afterwards releases himself from any commitment to the School. The two words for the future Ashbury are "Total involvement". I don't mean, however, involvement in all the compulsory functions the School already has, but involvement in student-initiated projects. The students must support the students. You must be prepared to involve yourselves in one another. Try to forget about Senior School, Middle School and Junior School, Woollcombe House and Connaught House. Think Ashbury. We have the facilities and the personnel.

There have been some students in my past years at Ashbury who have felt imprisoned by the School, who feel that this system is not for them, and who rebel at the very idea of a well-ordered, although sometimes seemingly ridiculous, set of rules. If you feel this way, Ashbury is not for you. Don't come back. I'm sure that, with enrolment figures as they are, there would be no problem in filling your places.

If the boys are giving 100%, so must the staff. We are fortunate in this respect. Our staff is understanding and never begrudges its time to listen to the student. They must, however, make a particularly hard effort to recognise boys for their individual achievements and eventual goals. Each student should be weighed as a separate stone, not for his position in the School.

Well, that's enough of that. On to the School Year. It is difficult to pick out the highlights of the whole year. Only the obvious ones come up and they are not always the most worthy of mention. However, the School made a concentrated effort in the field of charity. We collected money, old clothing, books and stamps to send to Qacha's Nek. To those who contributed directly or indirectly in any way — congratulations; it was a most admirable effort. And to the Gilbert and Sullivan production and to the one-act plays, again bravo.

The Graduation Formal this year surpassed any in the past, both in attendance and in support from those not attending. These two factors are important for any dance if it is to be a success; thank you to all those who helped.

These are but a few of the events which Ashbury has initiated and participated in throughout the year; there have been so many that it would be impossible to include them all. Let it suffice to say that we enjoyed them and that they will become the fondest of memories.

As I have said earlier, we at Ashbury this year have been fortunate in being taught by a staff unparalleled anywhere. Unfortunately, some of the staff are moving on; this, in itself, is good, but at Ashbury they will be sorely missed. On behalf of the School and of the Graduating Class, I would like to wish them every success in the future and to say thanks for all the help they have given us this year.

A word to next year's prefects: you will find that the reward by far outweighs the hassle. Keep your heads up and get to know everyone. To the future Head Boy, just keep in mind that there is a difference between being a leader and being a celebrity. Both can stimulate action, but only the leader can control it.

On behalf of the Graduating Class and of all those here: thank you, Ashbury, and good luck in the future.



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PRIZE LIST — 1974

Academic Prizes, presented by Mrs. G. A. Harris, President of the Ladies' Guild

Form Prizes for General Proficiency

- Grade 5 — Robert Tamblin
- 6 — Craig Leth-Steenson
- 7A — Lauchlan Munro
- 7K — Pierre LaTraverse
- 7L — John Clark
- 8A — Ross Brown
- 8 — Shawn Lavery

Junior School Awards of Merit

- Grade 5 — Hung Bui
- 6 — Jamie Woods
- 7A — Mark Ferguson
- 7K — Agustin Olachea
- 7L — Ken Ellacott
- 8 — Timothy Warren

Form Prizes for General Proficiency, Senior School

- Year 1G — Jacques Major
- 1C — Peter Drouin
- 1A — Graeme Clark
- 2G — Philip Grant
- 2C — Gijs Faber
- 2A — Gad Alexander Perry
- 3 — Christopher Teron
- 4 — Oliver Hui
- 5 — Frederick Stoddard

- The Senior School General Knowledge Prize**
Hugh Christie
- The Coyne Prize for Improvement in French — Junior School**
Mark Andrews
- The Woodburn Music Prize — Junior School**
Robert Shields
- The Polk Prize for Poetry Reading — Junior School**
John Lund
- The Public Speaking Prizes**
Junior: The Charles Gale Prize — John Lund
Intermediate: The Ross McMaster Memorial Prize — Richard Sellers
- The Graham Choir Prize**
Junior — Ian Kayser
Senior — Michael O'Brien
- The Ladies' Guild Merit Awards**
Year 1 — Peter Drouin
2 — Bill Fuller
3 — George McKenna and Ian Scarth
4 — Robert Sirotek and Si-Ming Yeung
5 — Nicholas Polk
- Junior School Merit and Memorial Prizes, presented by Mr. M. H. E. Sherwood**
- The Alwyn Cup (Junior Track and Field)**
Ian Kayser
Palmer Wright
- The John Michael Hilliard Memorial Prize (Grade 8A)**
Robert Shields
- The Stephen Clifford Memorial Prize (Outstanding Contribution to his House)**
Michael Puttick
- The Woods Shield (Academic, Sports, Character)**
Ross Brown
- Academic Prizes — Senior School, presented by His Excellency Mr. C. A. Malmaeus, Ambassador of Sweden**
- Intermediates:
- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Year 2 Canadian Issues | — Iain Johnston |
| 1-2 English | — Eric Wilson |
| 1-2 History | — Iain Johnston |
| 1-2 Geography | — Guy Warwick |
| 1-2 General Science | — Richard Sellers |
| 1-2 Devine Prize for Latin | — Paul Deepan |
| 1-2 Jobling Prize for French | — Andrew Rowlinson |
| 1 Typewriting | — James Lay |
| 1 Music | — David Irving |
| 2 German | — Akiko Nishiyama (Elmwood) |
- Seniors
- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| Year 3-4 World Religions | — Shelagh Hurley (Elmwood) |
| 3-4 Business Studies | — Ian Bleackley |
| Investment Club | — Luc Desmarais |
| 4 Brain Prize for History | — Stephen Rigby |
| 3-4 Theatre Arts | — Anna Antunes (Elmwood) |
| 3-4 Physics | — Richard Tervo |
| 4 Pemberton Prize for Geography | — Stephen Grahovac |
| 4 Dr. O. J. Firestone Prize for Mathematics | — Stephen Grahovac |
| 3-4 Chemistry | — Christopher Teron |
| 3-4 Biology | — Hugh Christie |
| 3-4 Urban Studies | — Roger McGuire |
| 5 English (Enriched) | — Graham Sellers |
| 5 History | — Graham Sellers |
| 5 Geography | — David Godsell |
| 5 Mathematics | — Eddie Sung |
| 5 Chemistry | — Frederick Stoddard |
| 5 Biology | — Frederick Stoddard |
| 5 Economics | — Graham Sellers |
| 5 German | — Brian McCordick |

The Memorial Prizes

Year 1-2 The Snelgrove Memorial Prize for Mathematics

- Patrick Knight
- 3 The Adam Podhradsky Memorial Prize for Modern History
 - Jeffrey Beedell
- 4 The Fiorenza Drew Memorial Prize for French — Claude Pardo
- 4 The Robert Gerald Moore Memorial Prize for English
 - Ian Bleackley
- 4 The Charles Rowley Booth Memorial Trophy (All-round Achievement) — Claude Pardo
- 5 The Gary Horning Memorial Shield for Public Speaking
 - Graham Sellers
- 5 The Ekes Memorial Prize for Physics — Frederick Stoddard
- 5 The Hon. George Drew Memorial Prize for English (Advanced) — Matthew Rowlinson

The Optimist International Oratorical Trophy, presented by Mr. E. E. Green

(For Excellence in Public Speaking in the School as a Whole)

Graham Sellers

The Athletic Trophies and Special Awards, presented by Dr. Roger Guindon

The Boarder Shield (For the Senior School Boarder whose conduct and efforts about the House have done the most to enhance boarding life for everyone)

Ronald Marchant

The Wilson Shield (Inter-house Competition in Sports and Academics)

Connaught House — Peter Croal, Captain

The Pitfield Shield (Junior House Competition)

Wizards — Simon Gittens, Senior Captain

Ronny Habets, Junior Captain

Year 5 The Southam Cup (Best Record in Scholarship and Sports)

Peter Copestake

Peter Croal

Year 5 The Nelson Shield (Captain of the School)

Donald Paterson

Year 5 The Governor-General's Medal

Frederick Stoddard

Presented by the Headmaster (Headmaster's Cups)

Timothy Farquhar

Edward Cahn

Matthew Rowlinson



Photo by John Evans Photography Ltd.

THE HUGHSON MEMORIAL STEPS

The new steps, which provide a fitting entry to the renovated school, were given by Edith B. Hughson and her son Geoffrey D. Hughson (Ashbury 38-41) in memory of

Ward Campbell Hughson, 1857-1923, a Founder of Ashbury College; his son

John Ward Hughson, 1890-1971, an Old Boy who graduated in 1906; and his grandson

Lieutenant Ward Campbell Hughson, Royal Canadian Engineers, Croix de Guerre avec Palme (posthumous), 1921-1944, who was killed in action on 26th August 1944.

They also commemorate the long and valued connection between the family and Ashbury College.

On Closing Day, Saturday, 15th June, Mrs. Hughson, accompanied by Geoffrey, with his wife Nancy, son Ward (62-63) and daughters Janet, Mary and Sally, attended the Leavers' Service and then officially opened the Hughson Steps.

The Steps provide an entrance into the lower area of the School for the boys as well as access to the new entrance hall. A commemorative plaque is mounted on one of the posts facing the door. This was unveiled by Mrs. Hughson during the ceremony.

The Prayer of Dedication was read by the Chaplain, the Reverend E. E. Green, and the Blessing was given by Archdeacon Christie.

A.B.G.



Photo by John Evans Photography Ltd.

THE ERIC BEARDMORE MEMORIAL

Eric Walter Beardmore attended Ashbury College from 1921 to 1930. He was one of the School's outstanding athletes and played on the First Cricket Team for four years and on First Football, Hockey and Soccer. As a Prefect he took a leading part in the life of the School. He was a fighter pilot in the Second World War, serving in Britain in Number One Fighter Squadron R.C.A.F., and was discharged as a Wing Commander. During his business career he continued his active participation in sports and particularly in encouragement of the young. He was active in golf, tennis and squash club organizations in Vancouver, where he lived, and was a director of the B.C. Lions. He died in 1966.

The new entrance hall at Ashbury College has been made possible through Eric Beardmore's bequest to his old School. He will long be remembered.

His widow, Mrs. Jean Beardmore of Vancouver, unveiled the memorial plaque on Ashbury Day, 13th October, 1973.

A.B.G.



Photo by John Evans Photography Ltd.

ASHBURY DAY

"Ashbury Day", October 13, 1973 was the biggest gathering in the history of the School. Three hundred and eleven boys and over one thousand Old Boys, Parents, Friends and invited guests came together in the quad for the opening of the new building by His Excellency the Right Honourable Roland Michener, C.C., C.M.M., C.D., Governor-General of Canada.

The week-end celebrations of this Ashbury milestone started on Friday evening with an Old Boys Dinner at the Rideau Club. The Special Guest was Arthur D. Brain, who taught at Ashbury from 1935 to 1966 and the Principal Speaker was the Honourable A. B. R. Lawrence, M.C., Q.C., M.P.P. (32-40). Seventy-five Old Boys attended with the Headmaster and Staff Members as their guests.

On Saturday morning the Old Boys defeated the School at football 12 to 0 with touchdowns by David Barden (72-73) and Jim Beqaj (68-73). In soccer the Old Boys won 7-1, Bob Millar (59-68), scoring twice.

The rain stopped on cue for the 11.00 a.m. arrival of Their Excellencies along the flag-lined route. The quad too was lined with flags including the flag of each foreign country represented among the boys attending the School. The Band of the Governor-General's Foot Guards played the Vice-Regal Salute and the hymns, and continued to provide light musical entertainment from the shelter of a marquee.

After a welcome by the Chairman of the Board, the Address was given by Dr. J. Tuzo Wilson, O.C., O.B.E., Sc.D., F.R.S.C., F.R.S., Principal of Erindale College, University of Toronto, who attended Ashbury College from 1919 to 1925. He spoke of his days at Ashbury, and his comparison of how things were then versus now graphically illustrated his theme to the boys — change is rapid and inevitable, prepare yourselves for it by the broadest of education.

The Dedication was pronounced by The Right Reverend W. J. Robinson, Bishop of Ottawa, assisted by the Chaplain. His Excellency the Governor-General then officially opened the new buildings, and he and Mrs. Michener were conducted through the School by the Captain of the School, Donald C. Paterson.

Mrs. Jean Beardmore, of Vancouver, unveiled the plaque in memory of her late husband, Eric Beardmore (21-30), in the new entrance hall, which is dedicated to his name.

Martin Connell (64-71) represented his grandfather in opening the new W. H. Connell Biology Laboratory, Mr. Connell's donation to the School. Plaques bearing Mr. Connell's name and that of the J. P. Bickell Foundation, who assisted generously with the equipment, were unveiled.

During the official party's tour, His Excellency presented a photograph of himself to the Grade Five "Gallery of Great Canadians". The class was under the direction of Master and Old Boy Tim Tottenham (68-70) and the picture was received on behalf of the class by Hunter Tootoo.

Tours of the new buildings (five classrooms, ten double dormitory rooms, a housemaster's apartment, masters' and boys' common rooms, the new laboratory, new office area and extensive renovations to the older parts) were followed by refreshments and a chicken barbecue lunch for over one thousand people, served from the marquees to the music of the GGFG band.

After lunch, Her Excellency Mrs. Michener opened the Ashbury Day Fair organized by Mr. G. McGuire. Various games of chance and an energetic raffle organized by Junior School Director Michael Sherwood netted some \$2,000.00 for Action Ashbury.

In the evening the expanded School proved ideal for the Ashbury Day Ball for Old Boys, Parents, and Friends. There was dancing in Argyle to Sid Holmes's Orchestra and in the gym to the "Skylarks" Steel Band. Supper was served in Symington Hall to two hundred and fifty with extra tables set up in the long corridor.

At Elmwood, thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Whitwill, the Senior Boys had a very successful dance, which was also attended by many of the Old Boys.

On Sunday morning the Renewal Service was held in the Chapel, and the Ashbury Day Weekend drew to a highly successful close.

A.B.G.



Photo by John Evans Photography Ltd.

ACTION ASHBURY

Ashbury's heartfelt thanks are extended to the following and to those anonymous donors who together have pledged \$555,000 to ACTION ASHBURY to date, July 29 1974. Many members of the Staff donate to the Staff Scholarship Fund. Their names are not listed.

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NOTE: Annual Giving is NOT included in this list.

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THE ASHBURY COLLEGE ASSOCIATION

Old Boys' Association Broadened

At the Old Boys' General Meeting held on Friday, 12th October, John Gill (49-52) was elected President, Jim Smellie (62-67) Vice President and Tony German, the School's Director of Development, Secretary-Treasurer.

Outgoing President, Jamie Fisher (58-61) proposed that the Old Boys' Association be broadened to include Parents and members of the Staff. He noted that as of October 1972 it had become Board Policy to provide a staffed Development Office which would look after Association affairs in addition to fund raising. There was a very lively discussion on this matter. A reservation was expressed initially by Evan Gill, that the Old Boys might tend to lose their identity, but in the discussion the feeling emerged that a broader organization could foster Old Boys' activities such as games and reunions equally well, indeed better, because it could maintain the administrative organization required. What was needed was the strongest possible Association of vitally interested people to support Ashbury College. Parents and Staff had such a vital and immediate interest. The Ladies' Guild was cited as an example of a most effective and dedicated organization.

Ted Pilgrim quoted experience in other independent Schools, saying that in all cases where such action had been taken the results had been positive and very constructive. Fergus Grant proposed that past parents be included and that the name "Ashbury College Association" be adopted. John Hooper spoke further in support of Jamie Fisher's motion, which was seconded by Ted Pilgrim.

Finally a motion was unanimously passed:

- a) declaring that the Ashbury College Old Boys' Association wished to broaden its membership to include parents, past parents, Staff members and friends, in order to best provide support for Ashbury College;
- b) changing the Association name to "Ashbury College Association" and
- c) directing the incoming executive to invite participation by representatives of Parents and Staff, and to proceed with this matter.

At the close of the meeting both the Headmaster and the Chairman of the Board expressed their delight that the Old Boys had taken this initiative. Ned Rhodes said "Participation and active interest in the affairs of the School are what we need. Parents are the ones who are naturally in most immediate touch and the Staff of course are really vital to the whole Ashbury Community. Old Boys won't be submerged. We have a common interest here and a strong Association is the means to mobilize it. This is a great step forward."

First Annual General Meeting

5th December 1973

John Gill Association President

President-elect John Gill (49-52) took the Chair at the First Annual General Meeting of the newly enlarged Association, with Vice-President Jim Smellie (62-67) and Secretary-Treasurer Tony German. He reported that a committee formed to draw up a constitution for the broadened Association was at work and would report to the membership. In the meantime an executive committee was proposed and was duly elected. They are:

John H. Gill — President (Old Boy 49-52)

James Smellie — Vice-President and Chairman of Programme Committee
(Old Boy 62-67)

Tony German — Secretary-Treasurer (Director of Development)

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Mulock — (Parent, President of the Ladies' Guild)

A. Kenneth Maclaren — (Parent)

David W. Scott — (Old Boy 46-53)

Michael Sherwood — (Master)

John Gill remarked on the very positive reaction of the Governors to the newly broadened Association demonstrated by their inviting three Association officers to take their places on the Board. Old Boys' interests would certainly not be submerged and the events which they enjoyed would be continued and enhanced by the new organization. The same applied to the Ladies' Guild, which would continue its excellent work on behalf of the School. "The Association," he said, "will strive to organize and focus the energies of everyone with an interest in Ashbury College in the common aim of providing support for the School."

A.B.G.

FATHER AND SON NIGHT 74

The first Father and Son night held in recent years was a great success. Two hundred and twenty-five Ashbury fathers, boys and members of the Staff

sat down to dinner on Thursday, 7th February, and overflowed Symington Hall into the new double classroom.

The evening started with games, and keen competition developed between the two generations. The boys won the Curling by a narrow margin, while the Fathers won a decisive victory at volleyball. Total points in two rousing Ball-hockey games on the rink came out in favour of the boys. Four table-tennis tables were busy, with the boys holding an edge on the evening's play. Sockey had many Fathers puffing and sliding about the Argyle floor and others found time for a game of Chess or Bumper Pool.

Steve Tanos, the results coordinator, reported final scores as Fathers 1155. Sons 940.

Refreshments were served in the common rooms before dinner, and afterwards the annual Public Speaking Finals were held under the direction of the Reverend E. E. Green.

Graham Sellers won the Gary Horning Memorial Shield for Senior Students, while his brother Richard took the Ross McMaster Memorial Prize for the Intermediate division. John Lund won the Charles Gale Prize for the Juniors. Judges were Messrs. James A. Fisher (58-61), F. J. Neal of Ottawa University and I. Stoddard.

Piano solos by Jonathan Heaton and vocal solos by Michael O'Brien added to a most interesting and enjoyable evening.

Over one hundred Fathers attended, and from their enthusiastic comments it was concluded that Father and Son Night should be an annual event.

LEAVING CLASS SMOKER

Ashbury College Association President John H. Gill (49-52) invited the members of the Leaving Class to a Smoker on Thursday, 13th June. This provided an opportunity for the newest Old Boys to meet members of the Association and to get together for a last time before going on from the School. Several Old Boys came to join in the evening and many of the Masters dropped in.

Steve Tanos was unanimously elected Class President 1974. He will be at Queen's and he will make it his business to keep in touch with Class of '74 members and to work with the Development Office in setting up Class reunions and events.

Steve asks all members of the Leaving Class to let him know what their wishes are, *to keep him and the School posted up on new addresses and what they are doing and where they are.*

TO THE LEAVERS 74: Please drop a card to the School when you want to change your **permanent** mailing address. This will ensure you get the "Ashbury News" and all announcements of Old Boys and School Events. All Old Boys receive these automatically if we have your address.

You are members of the Ashbury College Association without payment of any fees. We hope you will be active. Let us know your views. Your School sincerely asks you to keep in touch with us so we can keep in touch with you.

A. B. GERMAN

The Development Office, Ashbury College, Ottawa, K1M 0T3.
Phone 613-749-2178

STAFF DEPARTURES

When Peter and Ann Josselyn and the two boys arrived by trailer some five years ago, many aspects of Ashbury took on a new look. There is no question of doubt that the infusion of interest into the English Department was praiseworthy to say the least. The joint Gilbert & Sullivan productions that were put on with Elmwood School reached new heights of excellence and enjoyment. The enthusiasm, support and leadership that Peter gave to many aspects of the sporting programme will be sadly missed. When we heard last Spring that Peter had been appointed Head of Queen Margaret's School in Duncan, B.C., we applauded the wisdom of that Board of Governors in their choice but felt badly at the departure, not only of Peter, but of Ann as well. We certainly hope that they enjoy their return to those climates and we will always have a welcome mat out for them should they ever visit the east.



MR. PETER JOSSELYN

Two years ago John and Carol Boone came to us from the Province of Quebec. John as a returning Old Boy and Carol for her first sojourn in Ontario. They settled in a school house at 250 Springfield Road and exercised their quiet influence, not only amongst the boys who passed through the house, but in many other aspects of school life as well. John has gone to be Principal of a school in Northern Quebec and we wish him well in this new line of endeavour.

John Cann and his wife Michèle moved quietly into 330 Mariposa in September 1973 and John immediately made his presence felt in the Junior School. His ability and enthusiasm were most noteworthy and he will be remembered by the many boys he taught and with whom he had contact. This enthusiasm John

is taking into the commercial field, where he is starting a business in the construction of puppets. Our best wishes go with him in this new line of endeavour.

If one were to supply an epithet for Karl Parks, it would surely be: "Karl of the Flashing Blades"! He came from Eastern Canada and showed our hockey teams an excellence in that particular sport that we haven't seen in quite some time. Over and above this Karl showed the greatest enthusiasm for all aspects of our athletic programme and contributed much to this part of the School. After his two years' stay here it was with great disappointment that we learned that he was going to the field of public service in the Recreation Department of the City of Ottawa. We hope that his work there will keep him in contact with us and look forward to his return to the School on any occasion that he can come.

Fred Graham came to the School in 1972 and, despite the limitations of space and equipment, made a success of the Music Programme at the School. The Christmas Carol Services, the Gilbert & Sullivan productions and especially the small operettas of the Junior School gave many of us something by which he will be remembered. Our best wishes go with Fred and his wife as they proceed to further education at the Graduate level.

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

Mr. Gordon Heyd joins the staff to take charge of the various areas of Administration and also to teach History and Social Sciences in the Senior School. Mr. Heyd was educated at Appleby College, Upper Canada College and the University of Toronto, where he obtained the degrees of Bachelor of Arts (General Arts) and Master of Arts (History). Mr. Heyd, who has also considerable coaching experience in Hockey, Football and Basketball, has taught at the University of Toronto and the American School in Switzerland. He is married and has five sons.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE ACADEMIC STAFF — SEPTEMBER 1974

Mr. John Scott Crockett joins the Junior School Staff to teach Mathematics and Geography. Mr. Crockett was educated at the Belfast Royal Academy and at Stranmillis College, Belfast, Northern Ireland. He has had teaching experience in Northern Ireland, the Bahamas and Kenya, together with coaching experience in Rugby, Golf, Basketball, Softball and Tennis. Mr. Crockett is married, with two children.

Mr. Robert Gray joins the Staff to teach Physical Education and History in the Junior School and Physical Education in the Senior School. Mr. Gray holds the degrees of Bachelor of Physical Education (University of Ottawa) and Bachelor of Education (Queen's University). He is married and has recently been teaching at Ottawa Technical High School.

Mr. Drummond Duff Lister comes from Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa, to be Head of the English Department. Mr. Lister, who has also taught for the Toronto Board and at St. Andrew's College, was educated at Upper Canada College, Princeton University (Honours in English), and York University, Toronto (M.A. in English). He has had coaching experience in Soccer, Cricket and Volleyball. Mr. Lister is married, with two children.

Mr. Anthony Michael Macoun joins the Staff as Head of Geography. He comes from Stowe School, England, where he has been Senior Geography Master. Mr. Macoun was educated at Stowe School, the University of Poitiers, France, and the University of Oxford (M.A.). He has coached Fives, Cricket and Hockey, managed a Boxing club and served on Golf club committees. He is married, with two sons. Mr. Macoun will reside at 330 Mariposa Avenue.

Mr. Alan Charles Thomas comes from Allhallows School, Lyme Regis, England to take over the post of Director of Music. He was educated at Neath Grammar School, South Wales, and at Manchester University, where he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Music. He also holds a certificate and diploma in Education from the University of Reading, England. Mr. Thomas, who has taught French and Spanish in addition to Music, is widely experienced as a pianist, organist and double bass player. He has served as accompanist with Independent Television in Britain and as orchestral manager of the National Youth Orchestra of Wales.

THE CHAPEL

It was about 500 chapel services ago that I arrived at Ashbury to assume the duties of chaplain. I look back on the past five years with a great deal of satisfaction. It has been my happy privilege to receive eight new members of the Christian family by holy baptism and to present another sixty-one to the Bishop for confirmation and the attendant adult privileges and responsibilities of mature membership of the church. On five occasions it has been my ministry to use the burial office to commit souls to the care of God. With much pleasure I have said, "I now pronounce you man and wife" to fifteen couples. I am very grateful to be the priest in this place.

In 1973-74 Ashbury's almsgiving amounted to \$1,355:

- \$100 to the Ashbury building fund
- \$605 to various local charities
- \$50 to Trinity College, Toronto
- \$50 to Miles for Millions
- \$550 to Qacha's Nek, Lesotho.

Canned goods were also given at Thanksgiving and Christmas time. Expenses have been under \$5.00 and we have \$31 on hand to cover the cost of shipping books and clothing to Qacha's Nek. About \$900 came in via the collection plates. The other money was raised in various ways: forgoing Christmas dinner, Greaser

Day, individual donations and a healthy contribution from the student cleaning company. Ashbury also collected hundreds of used stamps in support of Qacha's Nek.

Fr. Payne, the priest at Qacha's Nek, writes the most appreciative letters. He also makes a request — "Please ask that all who have made the sacrifice will also pray that we are good stewards of their loving, caring kindness." Our relationship with the several under-staffed and under-equipped schools of Qacha's Nek is to become more personal as the Robertsons visit there this summer and also because we have the opportunity of "adopting" a student, Holang Rapopo.

What can we say of the choir and the work of Mr. Graham! The development of an extremely competent and pleasing choir is obvious to all. Ashbury is indebted to Mr. Graham, an excellent organist and choir director. Our thanks go also to the capable and faithful boys of the choir. Our gratitude is also directed to the servers for their efficient and devoted efforts. Special mention must be made of Ed Cahn, this year's chief server. Ed has been a truly dedicated servant of the sanctuary. Staff wives rallied this past year under the capable leadership of Mrs. Boone to take care of the sanctuary. They did a wonderful job and we thank them very much. Often the scriptures were read beautifully and intelligibly as students and staff shared in reading. Matron's concern for the Chapel was obvious. Merci.

As far as I am concerned the most significant thing about my involvement in the life of Ashbury has been the formation of friendships. This is likely to be more true for students. Leavers will probably cherish for years to come the valuable and beautiful friendships made at Ashbury.

Thoreau wrote:

"Think of the importance of friendship
in the education of men.
It will make a man honest;
it will make him a hero;
it will make him a saint.
It is the state of the just dealing
with the just,
the magnanimous with the magnanimous,
the sincere with the sincere,
man with man."

E.E.G.

MUSICA VIVA

Ashbury experienced the humble beginnings of a band this year. Although it performed publicly only twice, it met under the guidance of Mr. Brookes on all available Mondays. It is to be hoped that, by the time the ranks have swelled, a full-fledged group will become a permanent component of the Ashbury Musical Score.

In the Junior School, "Captain Noah and his Floating Zoo" became the second presentation of the biblical-jazz strain. Its performance was a landmark in that every enrolled student took part, rather than the selected "good" voices. Perhaps completion and presentation of "Holy Moses" will follow shortly . . .

F.G.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE" AT ELMWOOD

This year the Ashbury-Elmwood Musical Club brought a welcome ray of light-hearted charm into the gloom of February with a highly successful "Pinafore" to add to the list of Gilbert and Sullivan favourites which we have enjoyed during the last few years.

When the curtain rose on Act One, a round of applause paid just tribute to the excellent set, the effect of which was enhanced by an authentic ship's wheel, generously lent by the War Museum.

There was no lack of talent on the stage. Michael O'Brien and Gordon Howe as Ralph Rackstraw and Captain Corcoran respectively, sang well and acted convincingly, confirming the favourable impression which they created in last year's production of "The Gondoliers".

Peter Josselyn brought a wealth of vocal and dramatic command to the role of Sir Joseph Porter. As Stage Director, Mr. Josselyn at all times secured an effective stage picture, skilfully overcoming the limitations imposed by the small stage.

Diana Conway nobly rose above the handicap of a heavy cold and gave a delightful performance as Josephine, displaying considerable vocal ability, notably in her second act aria.

John Roy gave a highly commendable portrayal of Dick Deadeye, even if his sinister appearance was at times modified by an involuntary smile. Kathy Zimmerman was well in character as Hebe, Sir Joseph's First Cousin, while Mary Smylie, a somewhat youthful-looking Little Buttercup, nevertheless sang with charm. Claude Pardo entered wholeheartedly into the role of Bill Bobstay and Victor Munteanu made a pleasing contribution as Bob Becket.

The chorus sang with commendable precision, even if the tone of the female voices was at times rather thin.

Throughout the evening a fine standard of enunciation was maintained, with agreeably few lapses, by all those on stage.

For the generally high level of this production a large measure of credit must go to the stage, wardrobe, make-up and scenic staffs.

The highest praise is due to the Musical Director, Fred Graham, and to the Assistant Musical Director, Lorna Harwood-Jones, for achieving so spirited and, at the same time, so secure a performance.

J.A.G.

SPEAKING — DEBATING

Ashbury continues to maintain a high level in the area of oral communication. Within the School the following public speaking winners were declared:

Junior School	—	John Lund
Middle School	—	Richard Sellers
Senior School	—	Graham Sellers

Final selection of the first place speakers was made at a most successful and enjoyable Father and Son evening. Judges were Mr. J. Fisher, Mr. F. Neal and Mr. I. Stoddard.

Although unable to take part, Ashbury was honoured by being invited to participate in an international debating tournament in Toronto. For the third year in a row, the School walked off with the Ottawa Journal-Ottawa University Debating Trophy. Debaters were: Gordon Howe, Nicholas Polk, Matthew Rowlinson and Graham Sellers.

Jeffrey Beedell, John Lund, Victor Munteanu, Nicholas Polk, Graham Sellers and Richard Tervo represented the School in outside competitions. John Lund went all the way to the Provincial Finals and Victor Munteanu to the Eastern Ontario Finals.

At the year end "Smoker" Donald Paterson rose to the occasion with a fine impromptu speech. This is the kind of evidence which supports Ashbury's emphasis on the oral communication arts.

E.E.G.

"ACTION 73-74"

ASHBURY COLLEGE LADIES' GUILD

THE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

It has been an exciting year of action and achievement for the Ladies' Guild with a number of important activities from September to June — not only have our receipts been at a record level but plans have been prepared for some new and unique projects in the forthcoming year.

Highlights of our action include:

September 10th — Annual clothing sale realized over \$820, making it the most profitable sale to date.

October 12th — At the Old Boys' General Meeting it was proposed that the Old Boys' Association be broadened to include Parents and members of the Staff. The Ladies' Guild was cited as an example of a most effective and dedicated organization. Therefore, the President of the Guild was proposed as a member of the Board of Governors.

October 13th — Ashbury Day was a great success. Nancy Maclaren headed the Ball Committee and did fantastic things with very little money.

November 9th — General luncheon meeting. Mr. Joyce, Mr. Sherwood and Mr. German spoke. A cheque for \$2,000 was given to assist in the Biology Lab. and \$50 for a choir party.

April 11th — Election of the executive for 1974/5.

April 17th — Spring Luncheon meeting.

Mr. Sherwood, Mr. German and Mr. Hugh Robertson addressed the Guild. Mr. Robertson outlined plans to expand the Library and the Ladies' Guild offered to set up a plan for voluntary help under Mrs. H. Biewald's direction. A cheque for \$500 was given towards the Library.

June 14th — The Annual Barbecue was a great success. \$1200 profit was realized.

June 15th — The Closing Guild Merit Awards were presented. These cash awards of \$50 are given annually to the student in each year who has shown the best all-round effort.

Next November 8th, 9th and 10th Mrs. Kevin O'Neill and her son Barry are organizing an antique show to be held at the school.

My executive has consisted of:

Honorary President — Mrs. W. A. Joyce

Past President — Mrs. T. L. Bates

Vice-President — Mrs. H. P. Wright

Secretary — Mrs. D. J. Heaton

Treasurer — Mrs. G. K. Ellacott

Telephone Convenor — Mrs. R. L. McKenna

Members

Mrs. G. A. Harris

Mrs. K. O'Neill

Mrs. L. M. Johnston

Mrs. D. Watson

Mrs. K. Lavery

May I express my appreciation to all the Members of the Executive.

MARY ELIZABETH MULOCK

ASHBURY PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

The company was formed in late December from the Photography Club headed by Mr. Hyatt. It was helped by a generous loan from A.S.Co. and 335 shares were sold to staff and students at \$1.00 each.

However, as is the case with any aspiring business, it was a difficult year. Orders came slowly and several employees chose to quit during the course of time. In the end the bulk of the work was left to a handful of members.

When our books were reviewed, the future of the company looked grim indeed. However, the shareholders voted to keep their investment in the company for next year and to accept a dividend only, thereby saving the business.

We hope to have more success in the coming year and to bring the joys of taking and developing pictures to more students.

Our thanks go to all who have helped in any way in assisting the company.

R. J. TERVO,
Manager

ASHBURY CLEANING COMPANY

This year has seen another phase with regard to student companies. The Cleaning Company is now a separate, student-operated entity. Under Ronald Marchant (President), Claude Pardo (Manager) and Stephen Jay (Secretary-Treasurer), A.S.Co. has had a successful and productive year. Owing to the new extension of the School, the company was able to clean a greater area; this created new and bigger jobs for the students. The help of Mr. Heed and Mr. Penton also worked to the benefit of the School.

Shares were sold to the staff and students at \$1.00 per share. The economic success of the company enabled it to present a 75% dividend by the end of the year. The wages of the workers were set at \$1.25 an hour at the start of the year. This was later raised to \$1.50 an hour.

The success of the Cleaning Company has given valuable experience to many of the students. It has been a good year; let us hope that this success continues into the next school year.

R. H. MARCHANT,
President

ASHBURY TUCK-SHOP COMPANY

This year was the Tuck-Shop's first under student management. Despite rapidly increasing food prices, we managed to keep our prices down; this accounts for our small profit margin this year. Fortunately, we are still "in the black."

During the year we saw the books and records of the Tuck-Shop pass from Mr. Heed's hands to those of Ted Marshall and the Manager. We paid the School for Ted's salary as well as the rental of the Tuck-Shop area.

Shares were sold at \$1.00 each; by the end of the year we were able to pay a 55% dividend to the shareholders.

H. VEILLEUX,
Manager

OUTDOOR EDUCATION AT ASHBURY COLLEGE

There has been considerable progress in developing our outdoor facilities at Ashbury College. One of the temporary classrooms was moved to the Harris Farm near Mont Ste-Marie, Quebec, which is 50 miles north of Ottawa via Highway 11 in a beautiful wild area.

Mr. Harris, who was formerly with Youth Hostels, has decided to keep his 600 acres in their natural state of wilderness. The area includes a mile-long lake with 400-foot hills surrounding it. Canoe routes lead into Heney, Pemichangan, Poisson Blanc and 31-Mile Lakes, which provide two-day, three-day or one-week trips for the boys.

Adirondack shelters are available on the Harris property for winter and summer camping. These are log, open-front shelters where one can build a fire in front for warmth and cooking.

Don and Fergus Maclaren have allowed us access to their company's limits adjacent to the Harris property, and this has given us a large area for hiking, orienteering and exploring.

Another of the portable classrooms was moved by Dr. H. Weber to his farm near Cantly in Quebec, with the agreement that our cross-country ski team would have access to his excellent cross-country course at any time. Dr. Weber, a geophysicist, has done a great deal for cross-country skiing in both the competitive and leisure aspects.

In addition, a large room will be set up in the Beedell barn on a farm near Cumberland. This will allow those on short trips to visit the farm and have overnight accommodation. Younger students can then experience overnight stays in Adirondack log shelters situated in the woods, in winter, spring or fall, and still have the option of returning to the barn if they can't cope with the elements.

The barn obstacle and adventure course should be completed by next winter as well as new orienteering courses. We have purchased 20 Arctic sleeping bags, which will allow us to stage winter survival courses next year.

Basically, my philosophy on the outdoors is that it should be adventure-oriented, but with learning situations present. These learning situations may be in the form of trust between people, co-operation in a group, chores shared and done because of peer pressure, or self-confidence gained through physical accomplishment. I am a firm believer in the Outward Bound principles and we shall be developing programs somewhat similar as time and money permit.

We plan to include rock-climbing when suitable instruction can be found. I feel that it is a great moulder of self-confidence and trust for your fellows which many boys lack.

This year we have taken trips to Gatineau Park and stayed overnight at "Lake Ramsay" and "The Haven", which are operated by N.C.C. We have had one-day trips to the Beedell farm and to the class-room at the Harris farm. The cross-country ski enthusiasts have used the Weber Farm for practice and also helped prepare the Cross-Country Marathon Trail under the guidance of Mr. Niles and Mr. Anderson.

Transportation has created a few problems and some three-day expeditions had to be cancelled as a result.

We hope that transportation problems will be solved and that more people will be able to participate in Outdoor Education at Ashbury College.

J.L.B.



THE "UPPER CRUST"

The first year of Ashbury's horizontal division of boarders is over and leaves one with mixed feelings. That the experiment has been successful is, I believe, beyond doubt, but nevertheless there remain the mixed feelings.

The absence of the first, second and third year boys on the top flat gave me the impression that I somehow knew fewer characters than I had done in previous years. Without the least prejudice to the seniors under my charge this year, there was a noticeable deficit in the variety of both vice and virtue. If a "good night" at half-past nine or ten o'clock was lacking, or a dispute to arbitrate as to whether this type of automobile excelled that, so too were lacking minor irritants such as exhausted pieces of chewing-gum adhering reluctantly to desks or bed-frames. I mean that each age group has, usually, its own degree of sophistication in terms of crime and positive contribution. Several of the more responsible seniors expressed the same opinion, that they felt that the gap between themselves and the lower years had widened, and that this in itself was unfortunate.

However, these same students agreed that the bonuses more than compensated for any loss, and I cite their biggest "pro", which is that, when a group of young men of the same age are put together in comparative isolation, they tend to become much more aware of social differences and obligations. To be more specific, I liked little courtesies which became very apparent, such as knocking on another student's door and waiting to be asked to enter; I liked the countless conversations which took place where students listened to other points of view on a wide range of topics without attempting to bulldoze through their own; I liked hearing constructive ideas on how certain little innovations might have been made to improve conditions for all concerned, and few of these were selfish in nature; I liked the responsible way in which they handled the privilege of smoking in the common-room, however open to criticism the habit may be; I liked too the generally responsible attitude towards their studies adopted by the vast majority of the students, and I even appreciated the way in which those who were less responsible in this sphere refrained from disturbing their more conscientious peers.

"Likes" imply "dislikes" but in all honesty few come to mind. To settle for one, and let this be a message to all to whom it may apply next year, lack of punctuality is not some status symbol to be aspired to and attained by those who eventually reach the lofty heights of the third floor! The very nicest that can be said of it is that it is a lack of consideration and courtesy. Enough said!

I feel that perhaps a few words ought to be said on discipline and atmosphere; I doubt very much that it can be done at all adequately in just a few lines. Suffice to say this, that one of this year's students, a newcomer to year five, was bold enough to suggest to me at the end of the fall term that the "pleasant atmosphere is a result of your (my) attitude" or words to that effect. What he was really saying was that in his case it was "a fair cop" and he didn't really mind sanding down desks on a Saturday morning. I suggest, as I suggested to that particular student, that atmosphere does not depend on discipline, but that the two are inter-dependent. Come to Ashbury at the beginning of a year prepared to give and you will get a great deal out of it. You will find yourself surrounded by a group of your own age who will stimulate you to bring out the best in yourself, whatever that best may be. You will also be tempted to have that one extra beer on a Saturday night of course! Take advantage of the first and, if you have to, learn from the second; you really are beginning the year with a priceless opportunity. Ask any Old Boy. If you do this, and are conscious of what you are doing, then the atmosphere must be good, but you must create it; it can not be imposed upon you. This year it was good; next year it could be better.

Discipline? A fairly large number of young men living in a confined community must inevitably be subject to certain restrictions or terms of reference,

although within the community you are all and must be individuals. This is easy to understand, and the general attitude towards this has been most commendable. Bear in mind, however, that if you wish to retain your individuality, then at times, from my own point of view, the punishment should fit, not the crime, but the individual. Enigmatic? Think about it!

C.J.I.

SPORTS



FIRST FOOTBALL

Back Row: F. C. Ferneyhough Esq., I. K. Bleackley, F. T. Bellware Esq., D. J. H. Ross, P. G. Copestake, J. McNeil, K. B. Parks Esq.
 Middle Row: (Standing) B. W. Bellamy Esq., W. A. Price, R. S. Morrison, P. T. Johnson, R. C. Brown, N. W. Polk, G. M. Jeffrey, S. A. Gray, S. T. Tanos, W. A. Joyce Esq.
 Middle Row: (Seated) N. A. Trainor, S. D. Leigh, P. S. T. Croal, R. S. Childers, D. K. Godsell, M. J. Moore, R. M. Munn, A. G. Moore, S. J. Rigby.
 Front Row: C. Pardo, H. A. Christie, G. A. Price, D. Symington, L. C. Oakes.

FIRST FOOTBALL

This season is somewhat difficult to compare with the sensational one of last year. Many of the first team having left, as was evidenced in the Old Boys' line-up (the whole back-field had reversed sides), we were a smaller, less experienced football club. To make matters worse, we suffered many key injuries. Our captain, Peter Copestake, was injured before the season got under way; injuries to Steve Tanos, Dave Leigh, Gerry Anapolsky and Doug Ross left the team short, not only on strength, but also on numbers.

However, there were glimmerings of hope for next year: Hugh Christie started to read defenses; Stephen Rigby began to run down-field and not only to the side-lines; Ian Bleackley, Jeff McNeil and Rick Johnson made many fine plunges through the line, while Rick Childers and Dave Godsell showed how to catch a ball in the middle of heavy traffic. Claude Pardo, Mike Moore and Peter Croal were stalwarts on the line, even when they were nursing injuries. Andy Moore showed a fine running style after he learned to hang on to punt returns, and the whole team showed signs of greatness — unfortunately, in different games.

It has been said that football builds character; it also shows the absence of character. It is a team game only for individuals who are strong enough to take on the responsibility of eleven others. This season was not one for rejoicing over victories, but rather one rich in the rewards of character development.

Results

vs. Lindsay Place High School	Lost 12-19
vs. Osgoode High School	Won 45- 0
vs. Old Boys	Lost 0-12
vs. B.C.S.	Lost 6-32
at Osgoode High School	Won 13- 0

B.B.



SECOND FOOTBALL

Back Row:	J. Major, M. D. C. Evans, S. R. Puttick, D. F. Carlson, J. W. Zagerman, W. E. Johnston, J. N. Robinson, M. J. O'Farrell, A. B. Christie, G. B. Chodikoff.
Middle Row:	(Standing) M. H. Penton Esq., R. J. Tervo, T. B. Murray, B. Bidner, M. P. Stevens, M. Pearson, N. A. Brown, F. P. Fonseca, K. R. Fraser, K. R. Reeves, G. E. Hyatt Esq., K. B. Parks Esq.
Middle Row:	(Seated) D. E. C. Green, R. F. Sirotek, B. M. Finnie, P. A. Grant, B. Bejkosalaj, C. N. Teron, B. F. Benedict, E. Gall, L. Pleet, D. J. Macleod.
Front Row:	J. S. Harris, A. J. Rowlinson, I. N. Rhodes, V. J. Munteanu, J. F. Biewald, A. E. Mierins.

SECOND FOOTBALL

As usual the Second Football Team obtained a perfect record. In the tradition of years past all the games were lost. One look at the statistics, though, will show that undoubtedly the team improved and performed in a more efficient way as the season progressed.

Because the team this year was composed of a large number of Year One students, I feel that the potential exists for a really great team next year.

However much all the training and practice were hated by everybody, all was made worthwhile by the number of games we were able to play. These amounted to more than in any previous year. They gave us experience not only in football but also in the proper way to lose.

We had three scorers this year. Benedict scored a touchdown against St. Hubert's, Bejkosalaj scored one against Hudson Heights and this was converted by Mierins.

Although we didn't have a successful season we had an enjoyable one, and our thanks go to Messrs. Penton, Hyatt and Parks for their time and effort spent in coaching us.

Results

Ashbury 0	Selwyn House	54
Ashbury 0	St. Hubert's	34
Ashbury 0	Bishop's	16
Ashbury 6	St. Hubert's	24
Ashbury 7	Hudson Heights	13

M. D. C. EVANS



FIRST SOCCER

Back Row: G. R. McKenna, M. A. Marion, W. N. Fuller, R. H. Marchant.
 Middle Row: R. J. Anderson Esq., B. McCordick, S. Jay, P. N. Johnston-Berresford, W. A. Joyce Esq.
 Front Row: I. C. Scarth, D. C. Paterson, G. W. Howe, H. Veilleux, P. Taticek, E. W. Cahn.

FIRST SOCCER

This season was not a very good one. It looked as if it would take much hard work to form a strong unit, especially since eight players from last year's team had departed. Owing to the late start of the school year, the players had only a couple of days of practice before playing their first four games; they had, therefore, hardly enough time to know their positions and to know the other players on the team.

The first game we played was against Tech., to whom we lost. Tech. finished first in our division with an undefeated record. We lost two and tied one of the next three games. As the season went along, the team began to work together as a unit. Even so, we were unable to come up with a win. We seemed to bog down at a certain point in the game, which allowed the opposition to tie or win the game.

Then there were the ritual games against the Old Boys, Bishop's and Stanstead. We lost to the Old Boys, tied with Bishop's in a very exciting game and defeated Stanstead. In these last two games our team played better than ever before. I was happy to see that the spirit of the team, even though it had won only one game, never died. This spirit helped us to defeat the Masters, 6-4, to finish off the season.

The top scorer was Leslie Zunenshine. His two goals gave us the win over Stanstead.

I would like to thank Mr. Anderson for all his help and perseverance during the season. To next year's team, all the success possible!

Results

vs. Ottawa Technical High School	Lost 0-6
at Glebe Collegiate	Lost 1-3
at High School of Commerce	Tied 1-1
at Osgoode High School	Lost 0-3
at Lisgar High School	Lost 1-4
vs. High School of Commerce	Tied 1-1
vs. Old Boys	Lost 1-7
at Ottawa Technical High School	Lost 0-6
vs. Glebe Collegiate	Lost 1-2
at B.C.S.	Tied 2-2
vs. Lisgar	Lost 1-3
vs. Osgoode High School	Lost 1-3
at Stanstead	Won 4-3
vs. Sir Wilfrid Laurier High School	Lost 0-6
vs. The Masters	Won 6-4

P. TATICEK



SECOND SOCCER

Back Row:	A. I. Johnston, D. L. Ablack, J. W. Beedell, P. D. Deepan.
Middle Row:	G. J. McGuire Esq., P. A. Farquhar, J. M. C. Lay, A. S. Tross, C. C. G. O'Neill.
Front Row:	D. A. Irving, C. J. A. Stehr, A. Vanikiotis, J. P. Moore, R. L. Surgenor.

SECOND SOCCER

This season was highlighted by few victories and overshadowed by such embarrassing losses as 1-9 to one of the better city league teams. This can be attributed to the fact that many of our last year's resources were promoted to the first team in order to fill their depleted ranks.

In these circumstances our coach, Mr. McGuire, ably coped with the handicaps and successfully trained a team in which Year 1 rookies predominated. Statistically, we were a losing team, but at least a spirited losing team; this was demonstrated when we vanquished Bishop's. Unfortunately, we missed the opportunity of competing with the Old Boys this year, but we anticipate more support next season and a return of this friendly match.

Some consolation can be derived from the fact that next year's team will be sprinkled with seasoned veterans and it can only do better.

J. W. BEEDELL



FIRST HOCKEY

Back Row: B. W. Bellamy Esq., N. A. Brown, L. Desmarais, R. C. Brown, J. A. Roy, R. H. Marchant, M. J. Beedell, P. T. Johnson, E. W. Cahn, W. A. Joyce Esq.

Front Row: P. Taticek, H. Veilleux, G. Anapolsky, I. K. Bleackley, L. Zunenshine, C. Walker.

(Absent: G. M. Jeffrey).

FIRST HOCKEY

A very successful year was recorded by the First Hockey Team, as it won seven games, lost only three and tied two. The team was smaller this year, and, looking back on the previous season, it was decided not to enter the Ottawa High School League. This proved no doubt to be a wise decision in that, many times during the season, players from the second team were called upon to fill out the roster.

The season began very well, the first four games being wins against Highland Park (two), Lakefield Seconds and Champlain High. The only real low point of the season was the week-end tournament at L.C.C., where we tied Stanstead and then lost to L.C.C. and B.C.S. It appeared that our team was not in the same

condition as the others, as we had some unlucky breaks, a few injuries and just were not able to come back late in the game.

A few more games were scheduled, Ashbury defeating Selwyn House, losing to a greatly improved Highland Park team, and managing only to tie 2-2 with the Masters. It must be explained, however, that the Masters were able to produce a team only by bringing in a ringer to play goal; he must have stopped a break-away from every member of the first team.

The team regained its form and played brilliant hockey against the Old Boys, defeating the young Old Boys 5-0 and losing to the older Old Boys 2-1; this, however, was due only to an early ending of the game. In the round the firsts defeated the Old Boys 6-2.

The Most Improved Player award went to our goal-tender, George Jeffrey, and the Most Valuable Player award was received by our captain, Ian Bleackley.

Looking ahead to next season is very much like reading horoscopes, but, IF all who are eligible to play next year come back, it should be a very good season.
B.B.



SECOND HOCKEY

Back Row: I. N. Rhodes, T. B. Murray, J. M. C. Lay, G. A. Price, P. A. Grant, R. S. Robertson, G. E. DeBow, J. W. Beedell, P. A. Farquhar, K. B. Parks Esq.
Front Row: A. Vanikiotis, C. Veilleux, E. Gall, W. N. Fuller, R. A. McGuire.

SECOND HOCKEY

This was a very good season for the Second Hockey team. A good effort was put in by all, especially by the defense led by our captain, C. Veilleux.

As usual, the seconds won more than they lost, but, more important, a sense of team-work was developed to a particularly high degree.

The scoring line of Farquhar, Robertson and Fuller was instrumental in providing the winning goal in more than one game. They were also called upon to assist the first team for several games.

Even though many of this year's second team will be going to the first team, a solid nucleus remains to enable the seconds to be strong again next year.
J.B.B.



SKI TEAM

Back Row: R. S. Childers, J. C. Tutton, K. D. Niles Esq.
Front Row: B. M. Finnie, P. G. Knight, M. J. O'Farrell.

SKIING

Owing to a combination of bad weather and the loss of several of our more experienced racers, this year's ski season was not as successful as the preceding one. Poor snow conditions were the rule, and no doubt many of our novices felt that either skates or canoes would have been more effective means of travel than the edgeless skis they were obliged to use. However, there were still those occasions when conditions were good, when the wax worked and when the beauty of the winter countryside restored our faith in the virtues of skiing as a sport.

Our racing results were respectable if not spectacular. The season began with the team winning the cross-country event of the Art Lovett Memorial Ski Meet, which included all the Junior Varsity Teams in the Ottawa area. This was particularly satisfying, as the team's success was the result of a good showing by virtually all members, as opposed to rather spectacular performances by one or two individuals, which has sometimes been the case in the past.

While such a beginning seemed to bode well for future events, this was not to be the case. In fact, we were only to participate in one other race — a high school meet held at the Weber Farm. This time some individuals, notably Patrick Knight, registered good times, but the team as a whole placed midway down the list of schools entered.

The Independent School Meet, to be held at Bishop's this year, was cancelled owing to poor weather conditions. This was a disappointment, as that meet has been traditionally regarded as the most important of the season.

In conclusion, the Canadian Ski Marathon must be mentioned. Given the increased emphasis on cross-country in recent years, it was felt that some skiers from the School should enter this rather spectacular long-distance event. Those that did participate were undoubtedly exposed to aspects of the sport totally unknown till then: blisters, exhaustion and also a sense of real exhilaration. While our achievements were again modest, about twenty-five miles each, the experience sparked an interest which should yield better results and a greater number of participants in the coming years.

K.D.N.

CURLING

Our annual encounter with Bishop's was called off this year, leaving us with only the Ottawa High School League and the Tiny Hermann Bonspiel for competition. We were eliminated early in the bonspiel and won about half our league games. The Chaplain looked after the school team of Robert Walker (skip), Len Benfell (third), Michael Lynch-Staunton (second), Peter Steacy (lead) and Chris Bates.

Mr. Boone supervised recreational curling for a number of students. In the annual house competition Connaught was again successful.

E.E.G.

RECREATIONAL CURLING

This year the Ashbury Curling Club enjoyed a moderately successful season. The younger students had a very enjoyable time and most of them acquired a high level of skills under the watchful eye of Mr. Boone. One or two novice members even made the School team on occasion and gave a good account of themselves.

With plenty of ice available, it was disappointing to see the somewhat apathetic response from the senior students, as their experience and leadership had been counted on to produce better league results. Perhaps we should, in future, continue to emphasize more junior participation and limit senior play to those willing to give of themselves throughout the season.

Mr. Green handled League play in addition to participation in Bonspiels; his work, as well as that of Mr. Boone, was much appreciated.

R.J.A.

SNOWSHOEING

For the second consecutive year members of Ashbury College were to be seen stumbling across Rockcliffe Park. Despite unfavourable snow conditions throughout much of the season, we managed to get out every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Sometimes we would just stay in the park and roam around, looking for good hills to slide down. At other times, however, we would walk for long distances along the river, exploring the many caves and pillars formed by huge pieces of ice.

Another favourite pastime was trying to climb up the river banks with snowshoes on. That is an experience in itself.

Snowshoeing was a lot of fun and it gave us a chance to get out and breathe some fresh air. Our thanks go to Mr. Hyatt, who organised and participated in the club.

M. D. C. EVANS

ANNUAL OLD BOYS HOCKEY

Saturday 9th March

Once again this event proved to be a great success. Old Boys of the School gathered from near and far to renew old acquaintances, to make new ones and to put on the rusty blades to test their forgotten skills on ice.

Both teams played with vigour and determination and when the dust had settled Ashbury's first team emerged the victor with a combined score of 6-2.

In the first of the 2 games played the Old Boys were soundly defeated by a score of 5-0. In the second game Jimmy Dodds' 2 goals led the Old Boys to a 2-1 victory over the School's first team.

Following the games which were played in CFB Rockcliffe arena, refreshments were enjoyed at the School.

A.B.G.

SPRING TERM RUGBY

If a North American went over to Britain, France, New Zealand, South Africa, Australia or even the Argentine these days, to an independent school, and started to expound on the virtues of "football" over "rugby", he would probably be lynched.

Optimistically presuming, however, on the extended hospitality of my footballing colleagues here, I venture to express my delight at the spectacle of students hurtling up and down the games fields throwing around an overgrown football, and tackling each other with crippling conviction non-stop for forty minutes without the hindrance of face masks or any other type of padding.

Enough verbosity! The rugby experiment, the second, was an unqualified success. Seventy-two students were divided into four groups according to size and age, and played for forty minutes on Tuesdays and Thursdays, after having first seen "the real thing" on films on loan from various embassies.

Statistics show that, in the inter-House competitions which closed the season, Woolcombe won three matches to Connaught's one. Statistics don't show that the boys seemed thoroughly to enjoy the impromptu nature of the game, where quick wits and a little courage count for more than anything else. Let it be put on record too that a fair degree of skill was exhibited. I was frankly surprised at the latent talent which revealed itself.

We hope to continue next spring with an enlarged programme, possibly with a view to raising a team, if sufficient interest is shown, to play one or two exhibition games. Who knows? It might just be the game of the future here in Ontario.

C.J.I.

TRACK AND FIELD

This year proved to be one of the most successful in the history of Track and Field at Ashbury. Twenty-four boys turned out for the programme and, of these, eighteen competed in the Ottawa City Regional Track Meet. Nine of these students qualified for the City finals.

Patrick Knight, Jeffrey Beedell, Raymond Ng, Claude Pardo and John Biewald all qualified for the Valley finals. All in all, the year proved to be a very successful one, not only in the numbers that qualified for the Regional City and Valley Meets, but also in the turn-out for the Track and Field programme. Who knows what next year will bring? It looks as if we have something on the move.

K.P.

SWIMMING

For the first time in five years we did not have our regular winter swimming programme. A structural defect resulted in the C.F.B. Rockcliffe pool being closed for the winter.

We were fortunate, however, in being able to use the Y.M.C.A. pool for one afternoon a week until Christmas, and then the Champagne pool on a similar basis. It was at the latter pool that we held our inter-house swim meet this year. It was a neck and neck struggle until the all-important final relays, when superior organisation enabled Connaught to win by 253 points to 232. From the point of view of records it was our most successful meet ever, and thirteen new times were set.

SENIOR SCHOOL FORM LIST

Year 5

Mr. J. A. Glover and	
Mr. P. H. Josselyn	
Bates, C. R.	5.10.55 W
Benfell, L. H.	11. 9.56 W
Brown I, R. C.	14.11.55 W*
Cahn, E. W.	17. 4.54 C*
Chatel, J.	18. 4.55 C*
Cheng, T. N. D.	28.12.55 C*
Childers, R. S.	24. 7.54 C
Copestake, P. G.	22. 2.54 C*
Croal, P. S. T.	27. 8.55 C
Godsell, D. K.	31. 8.55 W
Howe, G. W.	12. 6.56 C
Lui, Y. T. F.	3. 8.55 W*
MacLaine, D. E.	2. 5.56 W*
Marchant I, R. H.	29. 4.55 C*
Munn, R. M.	27. 9.55 C*
Ng, C. Y. R.	1.10.55 W*
O'Brien, M. G.	17.11.55 W*
Paterson, D. C.	21.12.54 W*
Polk, N. W.	5.10.54 W
Ross, D. J. H.	5. 5.55 C
Rowlinson I, M. C.	9.12.56 W*
Roy, J. A.	22.10.55 C*
Sellers I, G.	19. 3.56 C
Smirnow, A.	29. 9.56 W*
Stoddard, F. L.	2. 1.58 C
Sung, W. T. E.	14. 6.56 C*
Tanos, S. T.	17.12.55 C
Taticek, P.	12. 9.56 W
Trainor, N. A.	17. 1.56 W*
Tutton, J. C.	23. 7.56 C
Veilleux I, H.	11. 4.56 C*
Walker I, R. S.	26.10.56 C

Year 4

Mr. C. J. Inns	
Aliferis I, P.	26. 6.56 C
Anapolsky, G.	13. 9.56 W*
Beedell I, M. J.	14. 8.56 W
Bélanger, F.	16. 4.56 W*
Bleackley, I. K.	21. 6.57 C*
Bonneau, M.	22. 3.55 C*
Brown II, N. A.	31. 3.57 W*
Charron, L.	15. 9.53 C
Christie I, H. A.	26. 5.57 W
Clark I, D. K.	26. 4.56 C*
Desmarais, L.	27. 2.57 W*
Friesen, C.	9. 6.56 W
Grahovac, S. Z.	16. 9.57 W
Gray, S. A.	17.11.56 C
Hui, S. P. O.	15. 1.57 W*
Jeffrey, G. M.	3. 5.56 W
Johnson, P. T.	27.10.55 C*
Johnston-Berresford, P. N.	22.11.56 C*

Year 4

Mr. K. D. Niles	
Kong, Y. B. T.	20. 4.56 W*
Leigh, S. D.	24. 1.56 C*
McCordick, B.	31. 1.56 C*
McNeil, J.	13.12.55 W
Moore I, M. J.	23. 5.56 W*
Mulock, W. F.	19. 1.58 W
Pardo, C.	29. 9.58 W*
Rigby I, S. J.	10. 9.56 W
Sirotek, R. F.	26. 9.56 W*
Symington, D.	23. 5.56 W
Tso, S. K. P.	20.11.57 C*
Walker II, C.	11.12.56 W*
Wilgress, E. D. C.	15. 7.54 W
Wilson I, P. W.	29. 5.57 C
Wong, S. F. B.	26. 5.56 C*
Wurzel, J.	2. 1.57 W*
Yeung, S. M.	26.10.52 C*
Zunenshine, L.	27.12.54 C*

Year 3

Mr. H. Penton	
Beedell II, J. W.	30.12.58 W
Blair, P. D.	28. 2.58 W*
Burke-Robertson, D. I. W.	26. 7.57 W*
Conway, A. J. E.	20. 8.58 C
Elmslie, J. K.	17. 7.57 W*
Evans, M. D. C.	4. 8.58 C
Farquhar I, P. A.	11.10.57 W
Fonseca, F. P.	22. 1.58 W*
Forester, J. A.	31.10.57 C
Higgins, I. S.	15. 2.58 W
Jay, S.	23. 4.57 W*
Longworth, J. K.	19. 3.59 W
Lynch-Staunton, M.	28. 3.58 C
Malmaeus, H. A.	7. 8.57 C
Marion, M. A.	22.11.57 C
McGuire, R. A.	20.11.57 W
McKenna I, G. R.	13. 2.57 W
Munteanu, V. J.	11. 1.58 C*

Year 3

Mr. F. T. Bellware	
Parkinson, P.	28. 3.57 C
Price I, W. A.	21. 8.57 W*
Reeves, K. R.	11.12.58 W
Robertson I, R. S.	7. 3.57 C*
Scarth, I. C.	26.10.56 W*
Singh, D.	23. 6.58 W
Steady, H. P. H.	19.11.58 W
Stevens, M. P.	17. 3.58 C*
Tapp, P. G.	28. 8.57 C
Teron, C. N.	26.12.57 C
Tervo, R. J.	18. 7.58 C*
Tolnai, R. A.	14. 5.58 W
Tross, A. S.	16. 5.57 C
Vanikiotis, A.	4. 7.57 C
Zagerman I, M. D.	16. 6.57 C

Year 2A

Mr. G. E. Hyatt	
Bejosalaj, B.	24.11.58 W
Beesack, J. D.	21. 7.58 C
Carlson, D. F.	28. 4.59 W*
Green, D. E. C.	20. 6.59 W
Ingold I, C. F.	2. 9.59 C
Johnston I, A. I.	26.12.58 C
Marchant II, A. B.	14. 4.59 W*
Morrison I, R. S.	5. 6.58 W
Perry, G.	14. 7.58 W
Puttick I, S. R.	18. 9.58 C
Rowlinson II, A. J.	16. 2.59 W*
Stehr, C. J. A.	27. 2.59 W
Warwick, G. C.	16.12.58 C
Wilson II, E. C.	2. 1.59 C
Wilson III, S. P.	5. 5.59 W

Year 2C

Mr. B. Wallin	
Benedict, B. F.	6. 1.58 C*
Brearton, N.	28.10.59 C
Brookes, A. M.	4. 3.59 W
Brown III, A. G.	21. 3.58 C
Campbell I, J. P.	5. 4.58 C
Craig, W. F.	18. 3.59 W
Faber I, G. W. H. C.	19. 7.59 W
Finnie, B. M.	9. 6.58 W
Grant, P. A.	5. 7.58 W*
Knight, P. G.	9.11.57 W*
Laitar, J. W.	4.11.58 C*
Macleod, D. J.	9. 6.59 C
McKenna II, G. N.	20.11.58 W
Moore II, A. G.	14. 4.58 W*
Moore III, J. P.	2.12.57 C
Oakes, L. C.	27. 4.58 W*
O'Neill, C. C. G.	22. 3.58 W
Schafer, R. A.	1.10.58 C*
Veilleux II, C.	29. 5.59 C*
Welch I, D. L.	8.10.58 W
Zagerman II, J. W.	23. 1.59 C

Year 2G

Mr. J. C. Boone	
Byford, C.	8. 5.59 C
Chodikoff, G. B.	14.12.58 W
Cuzner, D. G.	22.12.57 C*
Fuller, W. N.	19. 5.58 C*
Johnston II, R. J.	9. 3.58 C*
Lilly, D. C.	28. 6.57 C*
O'Farrell, M. J.	12. 4.59 W
Pleet, L.	30.11.58 C
Price II, G. A.	23. 7.58 W*
Robinson, J. N.	20.12.58 W*
Walsh, J. M.	26. 3.57 C*
Whitney I, R. C.	29. 6.58 C*

Year 1A

Mr. H. J. Robertson	
Ablack, D. L.	24. 4.60 C
Bull, A. J.	22. 6.59 W
Clark II, G. C.	4. 4.60 C
Deepan, P. D.	3.12.59 W*
Fraser I, K. R.	7. 8.59 W
Gall, E.	11. 5.59 C
Hambleton, R.	17. 9.59 W
Heaton, A. J.	31. 5.60 W
Johnston III, W. E.	15. 5.59 C
Lay I, J. M. C.	5. 6.59 W*
MacDonald I, K. J.	29. 9.60 W
Pearson, M.	10. 4.59 C
Rhodes I, I. N.	17. 1.60 W
Sellers II, P.	9. 5.58 C
Sellers III, R.	9. 5.58 C
Surgenor, R. L.	1. 7.60 W

Year 1C

Mr. B. W. Bellamy	
Ambery, J. D.	18. 3.59 C
Biewald I, J. F.	3. 9.59 W
Breen, D. H.	27. 3.60 C
Christie II, A. B.	14. 9.58 W
DeBow, G. E.	28. 9.58 C*
Drouin, P. M.	1. 9.59 C*
Duarte daRocha, A.	6. 5.58 C
Harris, J. S.	13. 2.60 C
Irving, D. A.	20. 8.58 C*
McDonald II, R.	15. 2.59 C*
Mierins I, A. E.	1.11.60 W
Mitchell I, J. A.	6. 6.59 C
Murray I, T. B.	3. 6.59 C

Year 1G

Mr. B. J. O'Keefe	
Bidner, B.	20. 8.58 C
Boucher, C.	5. 4.59 W*
Harwood, R. W.	19.11.59 W*
Mahoney I, T. D.	28. 8.58 C*
Major J.	7. 2.59 W*
Robertson II, R. S.	15. 6.59 C
Verhey, S. G.	22. 9.59 W
Walker III, I. M.	6. 9.59 C

C — Connaught House.

W — Woollcombe House.

* — Student is a Boarder.



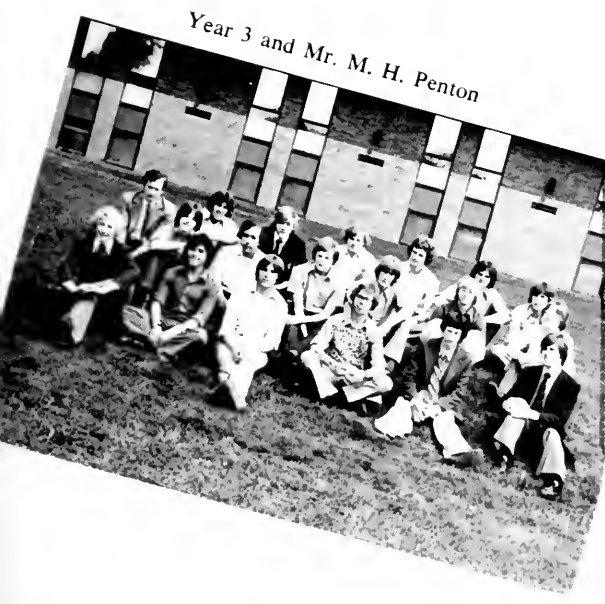
Year 5. Mr. P. H. Josselyn and Mr. J. A. Glover



Year 4 and Mr. C. J. Inns



Year 4 and Mr. K. D. Niles



Year 3 and Mr. M. H. Penton



Year 3 and Mr. F. T. Bellware



Year 2A and Mr. G. E. Hyatt



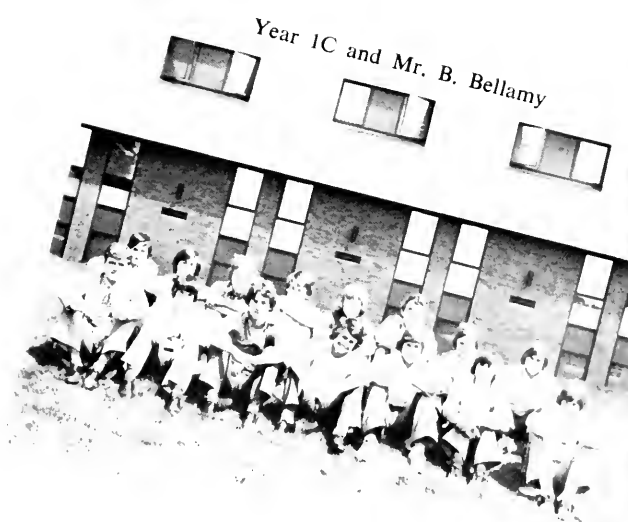
Year 2C and Mr. B. Wallin



Year 2G and Mr. J. C. Boone



Year 1A and Mr. H. J. Robertson



Year 1C and Mr. B. Bellamy



Year 1G and Mr. B. J. O'Keefe

Literary Section

VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND

Cruising the Mediterranean in March has become a tradition. Last year's Ashburian gave a full account of the 1973 trip. The 1974 trip was similar. We flew to London and stayed in a hotel before flying on to Naples, where the S.S. Nevasa was waiting for us. After trips to Rome and Pompeii we sailed to Itea, Greece, which allowed us to visit Delphi. Heraklion and Knossos on the island of Crete were visited with much interest and pleasure.

It seemed out of place to be carefully examined by security police in Haifa — the gateway to the Holy Land. Haifa is a busy, attractive, port city watched over by the heights of Mount Carmel. It's an impressive drive to Jerusalem. Once infertile land has been transformed by Israeli ingenuity into good crop-bearing soil; the oranges given us at a packing plant were ample proof.

Although a great multi-racial city, Jerusalem is the centre of the Christian heritage. As pilgrims we walked the Via Dolorosa, visited the Mount of Olives, rested in the Garden of Gethsemane, prayed in the Upper Room. We were also able to kneel at the birthplace of Christ in quiet Bethlehem, a few miles from Jerusalem. We also found time to haggle with souvenir vendors and be amazed at the merchandising style.

Another tour took us through lower Galilee to Nazareth and the place where the Holy Family lived. We saw Cana. It was hard to believe, as we stood on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, that the Golan Heights are a centre of strife. It was not so hard to believe when we saw the bomb shelters on a kibutz. The river is certainly not mighty or picturesque, but still it was a thrill to wade in the Jordan.

A beautiful sail in gorgeous weather brought us to Piraeus, from which we investigated ancient and modern Athens. We flew home from Greece, stopping for another visit in London.

E.E.G.

A POEM ???

A poem is
 a jumble of
 words
 altogether . . . of rain on a roof
 or of
 sunnier weather.
 The lines don't
 seem right
 if the words do
 not
 rhyme
 (all the time)
 just as
 lime
 rhymes with
 dime . . . and *they* rhyme
 I ask why?
 'cause a word like "exactly"
 can't rhyme
 with a word
 that no one has
 yet
 heard of
 We should just stick with essays
 or maybe
 a song
 (but the student's not right
 and the teacher's not wrong)
 if he says
 I want rhyme
 You must
 rhyme
 (all the time)
 you must
 rhyme "cat" with . . . "fat"
 or with "hat"
 or with
 "sat"
 or with . . . something
 like that
who cares whether or not
 it makes sense !!!
 if you
 rhyme
 (all the time)
 it is good Understood?
 write a poem
 about Rome,
 or a home . . . not a tree though
 'cause tree
 doesn't rhyme . . . nor does
 mouse or a bird.
 I think I should end here
 (for who ever heard of rhyming
 a verse . . . or a jumble of words.)

J. D. BEESACK

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ELLIOT LAKE

Shots echoed down the still streets of Elliot Lake, and the shrill cry of a woman in distress issued from somewhere inside the modest branch of The Royal Bank. Then two masked men rushed out in a hail of police bullets to a waiting car. As the alarm clanged loudly the car raced off in a cloud of smoke and burning rubber. A police car had only just arrived, and the two constables took off in hot pursuit of the black sedan, now speeding off down highway 180 (South). Other police cars pulled up in front of the building and officers rushed into the bank, finding a badly wounded robber in his death throes lying in the door. An ambulance screeched to a stop, and by now a large crowd of bystanders had gathered to view the scene. Newspaper and radio reporters clamoured for a story in one corner of the crowd. Soon a rather shaken bank manager emerged to make a statement to the hushed crowd. The reporters bunched around him. He began to speak:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, as you all know, the bank has been robbed." A series of giggles ran across the crowd and then silence. The reporters were busy scribbling notes into small pads with short pencils. He continued: "As yet, even I do not know the extent of the crime. I would estimate that approximately 100,000 dollars were taken. Also, several safety deposit boxes were broken into and their contents removed."

A rumble of voices shot through the crowd, but were silenced when the manager indicated that he wished to speak again.

"All money or personal possessions lost will be replaced by the Royal Bank of Canada. I have nothing more to say. The bank will remain closed for the remainder of the day. Thank you."

The manager returned to the innards of the bank, oblivious of the crowd and the reporters, who were stopped by policemen as they tried to follow him. Other policemen attempted to disperse the crowd; a car with speaker-horns on top bellowed orders to them.

Inside the bank, now bustling with activity, the manager dashed back and forth between tellers; policemen rushed in and out and the accountants could be seen counting money, cheques and receipts.

Ties were loosened and windows opened to allow what little air there was to circulate. The clanging alarm bell had been silenced and the sounds of a warm summer dropped down upon the busy people in the bank, as they settled down to counting, checking and figuring.

Some reporters remained huddled around the entrance, waiting for a story to filter out; several small boys had joined them also and played around them.

Only one police car remained, and three inspectors sifted through the evidence; the other policemen had returned to routine duty. For them, as with most other members of the community, it was to be a normal day; for those in and around the bank, it was anything but.

Several people arrived at the bank throughout the day. Some had heard of the incident from friends or neighbours and come to see what was happening; others had not, and were coming to do regular banking. All of them were politely turned away.

No break was taken for lunch; the work continued until late afternoon, when the heat was intolerable. Soon some employees were seen to leave. They said little, if anything, to the disappointed reporters. All the remaining employees looked forward as never before to closing time but, even then, some remained. The manager was last to leave. No reporters were present to see his exit. In fact, the streets were as quiet as when he had arrived that morning. Life went on as usual in Elliot Lake. To the unknowing eye, nothing had happened at all.

Constables McGuire and Cooke heard the alarm bell clang as they drove their beat along Elizabeth Avenue. Turning quickly in that direction, they saw the two masked men run to their getaway car and accelerated quickly to catch the black sedan as it pulled out to the highway. Constable Cooke grabbed the microphone and radioed for help. The last he saw of the bank was a second cruiser pulling up to the front door.

McGuire and Cooke both knew that the sedan had little place to go, but had to keep up with it so that the criminal would not duck into a bush road. They radioed ahead to get O.P.P. cruisers from Blind River and Spanish to block off the road. They travelled the 18 miles to highway 17 in less than 10 minutes; the trees along the road were but a blur to McGuire, and he almost lost control of the car near Depot Lake, but regained it in time to continue the chase. As he neared the intersection of the two highways he could make out three police cars stretched across the highway, blocking it completely. He slowed the cruiser but the sedan raced on. In a hail of bullets it plowed broadside into one of the cruisers, bursting into flames and instantly killing all three of the occupants. The policemen watched helplessly as the bodies were fried in the inferno.

Within 15 minutes a fire truck from Elliot Lake arrived. A tow truck from Connally's Texaco across the highway removed the car bodies from the road, while an officer from Spanish directed traffic around the accident, oblivious of the beady eyes, looking for blood, in the passing cars.

Soon the road was clear, the wrecks were displayed on the front strip of Connally's gas station and just a black stain on the road remained as testament to the incident.

That, too, would soon fade and finally disappear.

R. TERVO

NOW

A backward glance
To faded frescoes, parched with age.
Familiar tears, forgotten laughter,
And lips that smile their lies;
A crystal voice, a soothing tone:
"Life is a bird, my son,
The road is paved with gold."

A forward look
To sterile cubes deceased in youth.
Forsaken gods, abandoned vision,
And eyes that bleed their truths;
A gaslit street, an angry cloud:
"Life is a snake, my friend,
The ditch is full of slaves."

Now is the time that was and shall be;
A trembling foot which ventures on the swaying rope,
A synthesis of past and future,
And memories that masquerade as hope.

B. McCORDICK

NATURE'S DEATH

The insects hum, the birds soar,
The fish swim, the animals quietly sleep.
Throughout the forests there's not a peep.
The axes swing, the trees fall,
The buildings rise; urban sprawl.

D. GREEN

IDEA

Here I sit thinking . . . waiting patiently for an idea to pop mysteriously into my brain. In front of me sits my clock, humming gently as it counts off the seconds, lost in pursuit of some hidden inspiration. The white page mocks me with its virginity, and reminds me of others more articulate than I. Strange little drawings appear on my page, like paint splashed across canvas by some frustrated artist. My mind wanders through the dusty halls of the intellect, searching for that one thought which will give meaning to the aimless movements of my pencil. The doodles grow like flowers in spring slowly to engulf my page. Still no idea comes.

Then the pencil suddenly stops its aimless circles. It quivers with unknown excitement as words leap from its leaded tip. One, two, three lines of seemingly astounding inspiration appear upon the page in rapid succession. The pencil stops and surveys its work quietly. The clock is still ticking off the minutes. Somewhere a toilet is flushed, giving a somewhat absurd 'thumbs down' on the newly born thought. Then, as if in answer to the sound, a dirty hand appears and administers the sentence with a crushing deliberateness.

Another crisp new page appears to challenge the now dulled pencil. My eyes search the walls eagerly for something to silence the page's empty laughter. The walls are bare, save for some pinned notices and one rusty old sword. Carefully I scrutinize the sword, wondering after its owner. Somewhere deep in my brain a door opens, freeing tales of knights in shining armour saving the poor from the evils of the unjust. My pencil springs out of its stillness attacking the mocking purity of the page with renewed fury. Slowly, under the careful control of the mind, a story unfolds upon the page. A handsome young knight, cutting down all adversaries with his mighty broad sword, frees his true love and innocent peasants from the cruelty of the Black Knight.

Armed with this extremely creative piece of literature I head off to school to amaze my poor English teacher. She is quite a dear lady with a glorious sense of humour for one who has constantly to read the ordinary, typical, student-type essay. Won't she be pleased with my new approach to creative writing!

R. CHILDERS

MELINDA

Melinda's fine golden red hair
Fell around her shoulders and back
Like a heavenly shawl.
When the wind blew
The silken strands would fly in her face
And her blanché delicate hands
Would leap up
To put the guilty hairs in place,
Behind her small pierced ears.
Though I never noticed,
I know her eyes must be blue.
They sparkle when she laughs,
And tear when she pouts.
Her tiny nose is a bridge
For armies of freckles
Fleeing over her flawless face,
Pale though it was.
There were tints of pink in her cheeks
To match her natural lips.
And with a small bottle of acid
I splashed out nature's perfection.

D. MacLAINE

A DAY IN SPAIN

Pamplona — the very name conjures up images of Hemingway, bull fighting, dancing in the streets and every other imaginable form of gaiety. I would be there in about half an hour. The Spanish landscape is hazed by the dense black smoke from the ancient steam engine just a couple of cars ahead. The dense smoke somehow softens the harsh Spanish countryside drifting by. Someone a few shabby seats in front of me points out the giant bull on the hillside that advertises that Pamplona is near.

At the station there are a score of Americans exhausted by the two days of festival which has already blessed the city with its gaiety. I am given some very good advice by one of them at the station: "Don't ever spend more than 25 'pizzas' for a bottle of wine." During the two days of festival, which have already destroyed that young man, it seems he's had great experience in buying wine. He tells the terrible story of once having spent 50 pesetas (about a dollar) for a bottle. To lament his loss he passes around a bota. As the "vinegar" burns its way down my throat, I know why he was so shaken at spending so much.

I check my backpack at the station baggage-room and walk the 2 kilometres into town. As I walk down the road, past the tent city that has sprung up outside Pamplona, deserted now until morning, dusk begins to settle over all. Suddenly the approaching dark, for a few seconds, is routed by the explosion of the nightly fireworks over the city. These bursting nova light my way to the city centre, the Plaza del Castillo, for the moment, the centre of the universe. At five-thirty everything will shift to the Plaza del Toro.

I don't have to worry about a place to sleep this evening for I can't afford a room even if one were available, and to find a place to unroll my sleeping bag isn't a problem. I don't have a sleeping bag. A fact I've cursed mightily many a cold night.

I wander the dark streets about the Plaza. Up ahead is a small, well-lit shop. "Why is it still open at this late hour?" I wonder. And then I know.

I think about the American at the station and am pleased to note that the wine is 25 pesetas.

* * *

By the time I got back to the Plaza I was able to throw away one of the bottles.

I walked around the Plaza. I danced a little. I decided to open the second bottle.

My first drink I dedicated to a small group at the edge of the Plaza. Their English heritage stuck out like the patches on their faded jeans. As I raised my bottle in tribute they beckoned me over. We finished my second bottle, we finished their two or three bottles, we drank the wine of a Canadian couple who were attracted by my vivid descriptions of home.

At about midnight someone thought it would be a good idea to walk about a bit. It couldn't have been me, I **knew** I couldn't walk.

The Canadian couple and I ended up spending the night in the vestibule of an apartment building. It is bitterly cold in the hills of Spain at night, but someone finally thought of closing the door.

* * *

The running of the bulls commences promptly at seven o'clock. We got up about an hour ago so that we can get a good place by the barricades. The cannon blasts its signal and the bulls are let out. We see the runners begin to run as if the hounds of hell are after them. They are only about a quarter of a mile ahead of the bulls. Four or five minutes later the bulls come charging past us. A few

yards ahead of the front-running bull a man trips. He is among the charging bulls and can't be pulled away. He curls into a ball and the bulls ignore him.

The bullfight I saw at five-thirty was almost a ballet, it was at once both beautiful and horrifying, graceful and repugnant, and totally compelling.

Over the shoulder of a policeman watching the crowd leaving the Plaza del Toro is a sub-machine gun, his right hand clutching the grip.

Walking back to the station I look at the passing landscape. There is no softness in the harsh Spanish countryside. I am taking the next train out.

N. W. POLK



Did you see the comet
Passing silently by,
Bride of eternity,
Daughter of the sky?
Full of mystery
Yet demure
A child's chalked comment
On the blackboard of the night.
Signifying something for someone,
Nothing for no one.
Stark radiant signal.
Unexpected, yet waited for.
Catch a ride on a comet,
And be wisped out of sight.
Find out what it's all about,
Realize insignificance,
A wonder to behold
With the eyes of a child.
You then will know that
You are but a grain of sand
In the ocean of eternity.
Did you see the comet?

D. L. WELCH

The other day I picked up a newspaper. The headline read:

COMBATANTS SAY CANADA WELCOME

To which I can only say, welcome to what?

(Routers) — External Affairs Minister Dull announced today that Canada has been invited, by both sides of the Middle East Conflict, to join them in the fray. He also was told by the Golf States that our supply of golf tees and other nationally vital products would be cut off if we did not agree to mediate in the conflict. To which he could only reply that we would be only too happy to mediate on the subject, and would reply via the Sodden Arabians.

Meanwhile, back at the battlefield the Turd Army of E. Gypped has been trying to break out from the Sinful Peninsula town of Sewers. The Isitreally forces are not permitting this blasphemy, it being a Saturday and holy day, so they are preventing the E. Gyptians' exit from Sewers. The Insecure Council of the Unco-operative Nations was much alarmed by this latest news, and called an emergency meeting to discuss the potential seepage of the E. Gyptians from Sewers. The Porcelain ambassador, deciding that the war was all the fault of the Chews, got into an argument with the Surliet ambassador over who was going to supply the Arabs with arms first. The Surliet threw a few epithets at the Porcelain, whereupon the latter shattered,

The Insecure Council decided that it would be a good idea to create an emergency force, tentatively called the International Expedition for the Preservation of the Truce (INEPT). General Secretary Curtain Walltowell wrote on behalf of the Council to inquire as to whether Canada would like to volunteer logical support for the INEPT.

Mr. Dull stated that any support of INEPT was logical, but that he would have to ask the Defensive Minister whether we could afford to support anything of this kind.

The Defensive Minister replied that he couldn't see anything logical about channeling men and money into the Middle East Conflict, as he thought the warring factions were already getting enough munitions from the Surliets and Indicted States.

Our Energy Minister, Mr. Muckedallup, allowed as how the Latest Middle Beast development did not overly disturb him. "My family has enough wood stockpiled to last the winter," he said, echoing the views of many loyal Canadians.

While all this talking was going on in New York and Geneva, not to mention Ottawa, the Golf States began to get restless, particularly in the sand-trap nation of Omen. The ruler of this last state, Muhammed al'Killjus, declared that he was ready to cut off all supplies of oil to all countries supporting Isitreal. Catarrh and other Arab Evilates were eager to add their support to Omen.

Fearing a total oil cutoff, the Indicted States Secretary of State, Henrys Kissinger, was sent to the E. Gyptian capital of Kibble. Here, he will meet President Saidthat of E. Gypped and Kernel Getuppety of Libya. It is expected that they will throw Dr. Henrys Kissinger into a vat of boiling petroleum.

Panicking, the U. N., in the name of world safety and continued oil supply to the Indicted States, has sent INEPT to the Middle Beast.

At Presstime, the INEPT is caught between the Isitreallyan Army trying to break in to Sewers, and the E. Gyptian Turd Army trying to break out. The Truce force is presently holding up the walls, thus retaining the *status quo*.

F. L. STODDARD

ROAD HOG

The hedgehog eats his fill and shivers,
So that his bristly back shudders
Like wind-blown grass.
For when the scorching sun sets,
The night is cold.
But he knows a warm place to sleep.

The hedgehog waddles out of the brush,
On short stubby legs,
Undetectable beneath his lumbering mass,
Onto the flat, wide, endless rock,
Still hot from the broiling sun.
He plops his soft belly
On the smooth black surface
And falls into heavy slumber.

Screeching rubber,
Flashing lights,
A rude awakening,
A bone-cracking thud,
A whimper of pain,
And eternal sleep.
The hedgehog becomes a road hog.

D. MacLAINE

THE SEASONS AND ME

There was once a fall
and nature was dying
but I was alive.

Then came the winter
and nature was dead
but I existed.

Soon it was spring
and nature was living
but I was dying.

I guess I won't be
with the seasons for a while.

M. P. STEVENS

WINTER MORNING

The winter morning
Stood frozen,

Until the door
Was opened,

And my footsteps
Quickly shattered

The stillness of
The winter morning.

E. WILSON

SECOND HAND BOOKS

The bell tinkled its warning
And the desperate young man
Burst from the blustery snow
Into the dark musty shop.
Sixpence for thirteen tales
In a coverless book of dust.
Professor D. said a week,
A week ago.
An hour left.
Back into the white
And huff-puff home.
Scribble write, copy type,
And done.
Returned from D. with a note.
"Worst thing I ever wrote!
Merry Christmas."
Second hand books, bah, humbug.

D. MacLAINE

THE SEASONS OF YOUR LOVE

Spring: The Awakening

Ah, to be alive, a feeling quite unique and separate from all others. It is knowing yourself and the one closest to you. Being secure in this knowledge. It is feeling the sun hot on your neck and arms as your lips touch. Alive is hearing the birds above and smelling the honey-sweet scent of the grass beneath. Being at total peace within your inner self, yet, not being afraid to question and examine. To know that the one you love will, when given truth, reply with truth.

Summer: Consciousness

Life takes on new colour and purpose. The pace begins to quicken. The dust hangs heavy in the air distorting what is ahead. You push on in your ignorance and do not notice your spirit beginning to tire. The heat shimmers over the water, enveloping you in layer upon layer of lust. Insatiable hunger. Phrases become guarded lest unwanted promises slip by even though they have already been inferred. The birds are still about, not quite as obvious as before. The rustle of summer leaves rises above their song and hides them from curious eyes. The grass is becoming coarse and smells of dog. The heat between tight grasped hands begins to fade.

Fall: Memories

Wind, brisk and strong, tugs at your sleeves. Hands no longer joined are jammed in your pockets for warmth not found elsewhere. Your love becomes an unsettled weight in your heart, shifting, ever shifting. The leaves fall and again you think of spring; for moments you are back, happy and warm, but there are no birds, no song. The grass is too cold and coarse to lie upon. It turns dusty grey and withers. The rain comes and the chill passes over your soul. There is no security. The knowledge is now forgotten. Only our empty shell of anxiety and frustration remains. The sun no longer shines in your love's hair, only the wind blowing, ever blowing. The branches, click-clack, click-clack, sing of forgotten love. Your lips grow cold.

Winter: Last Breath

The first snow begins to fall, numbing your love. The sun is a dwarf now, impersonal cold. It spreads a harsh revealing light over you. You can no longer laugh with the easiness of spring or gusto of summer. Everything is white, sterile and barren. Your bed is musty, the room close. Your lover breathes on, ignorant of your open-eyed pain. The ceiling closes in. Your freedom is essential to life,

rebirth, happiness. The light begins to fail. Days go by unnoticed. You can feel no more. Pain is forgotten. The time has again come for truth and, ultimately, exposure. Your mind cannot rest until it is done. The pain returns, tearing and ripping, till every feeling has been thoroughly ravaged. Crying, ever crying, Good-bye, goodbye, goodbye, my love.

D. PATERSON

My skis sweep through the fresh clean white snow,
Gliding without pause.
Pine trees rush past, the snow surges
As I venture on.
The branches and bushes are laden
With the burden of snow.
But I am not; my mind's at rest.
I travel without a sound.

I rush around a corner.
My eyes behold a sight.
With a stunning shock to my mind
I see that the world of my mankind
Is filled with flashing signs,
A restaurant bright and gaudy
And drink machines and hot dogs,
And madly blaring signs.

All is lost,
My freedom is gone,
Society is back,
I hurry on.

J. McNEIL

TALE OF THE OLD HOUSE

Standing in the vacant lot,
Strong in her fragility,
There she was, all alone,
Between two faceless buildings.

She had seen the city grow,
From the Victorian Past
To the Futurist Present.

She had seen the river
Slowly passing by,
Replaced by the plain pipe.

She had seen the green Park
Across the street, being replaced
By a concrete parking lot.

She had seen the Sun rise
In the blue sky, but now
Hidden by the smoke stacks.

She had seen the clean streets
Of the city, now filled with
Dirt, crime and prostitution.

But She saw and knew
Too much about the city
And it had been decided that She would
Be replaced by a mindless skyscraper.

J. CHATEL

A STORM: FOUR SKETCHES

The band has played these past four hours,
While winds have torn the summer from the trees
And autumn galloped in on copper roofs.
The futile raindrops crash on yellow glass,
Then glisten, dart, and slide
Down oily streets. The hissing, neon-whitened stream
Stagnates and sidles off
About a grey and sodden man
That blind content has numbed to rain.

The ragged fields seem stark and pale
To his lightning-dazzled eyes that peer through rattling panes
While humble kine, with fat, contented sides,
Lie still in creaking corners of the barn.

Sharp and glassy lights now own the floor,
While printed dancers chat by corner-potted plants
As, few by few, they leave to brave the night of black and bone
In dark and dim-lit cars.
The drunkard's twitch has overturned his wine:
Like thin and sickened blood, it seeps away.
No wound is felt.

It is dawn, and a life's long epiphany fades
Where a porcelain woman has squeezed out her pain
In death's avian fists. The still streets
Are grown warm in the sun
And in swollen green fields, slow cow-bells ring.

P. PARKINSON

ETERNITY TRIUMPHANT

The earth,
 a grandiose sphere
Spinning mightily about the sun.
The forest,
 a massive wall of sequoia,
Branching to the sky.
The desert,
 an infinitude of barrenness,
Thirsting for the sea.
The sea,
 as deep as the sky,
Stretching to the sky.
And yet man in his "Omnipotence"
 Planted his footsteps
From the vastness of the valleys
To the mountains of the sky.
 Man was mighty,
 Ruling his sphere in belief that he was
 alone.
THEY did not notice the earth being finally cleansed.
The sound reached only the sky,
 The light little farther.
 Nothing changed.

R. S. WALKER

DREAMS

'Hail Caesar'
And a mighty structure came forth.
A triumph was being awarded
And, as the Gallic conqueror rode on
To the Capitol, a flicker of memory
Sprang, as in the crowd
A familiar face appeared.

Hellenic beauty has been snatched away
And the gods themselves are divided.
A ship sails from home
An adventure of twenty years,
Ten of conquest,
Ten of seafaring.
A great captain strides through his crew
But wasn't one familiar?

Richard has said that the Saracens must be repelled.
The Holy Land has fallen.
Knights of the Holy Cross come to free their faith
And ships sail the lake.
A king comes to free a nation not his,
Comes with many soldiers,
And one has been seen before.

Italy has contacted a foreign land,
And a great explorer has returned
From the land of tea, rice and Confucius.
Marco Polo has seen the Great Wall
And the Forbidden city.
He comes, bearing gifts from the East,
But one bearer is seen again.

The limits of man's knowledge are being increased.
The last frontier is being explored,
And a team of men are responsible.
Jacques Cousteau and his artificial lung
Are probing our ancestral home
And his many men work beside him.
One diver is dimly remembered.

Always moving, a limitless fountain of knowledge,
It moves through the bleak emptiness.
Boundless, black as coal but stabbed with
Flashes of beauty. Man reaches to understand
This realm by exploration. One rocket is launched
And a familiar visage appears at the controls. . . .

7.38 A.M. —
And adventure ceases.

G. W. HOWE

A MEANING

He kept on running. This was not at all unusual. He had been running for two hours or so and knew that if he stopped he was through. Yet, at least, now he felt and knew what freedom was and was not prepared to give it up. His aching limbs screamed at him to stop, to let all his dreams fall. He just couldn't quit. He had fought for years just to feel how he felt now. He was free. He could not stop.

He looked up in the sky occasionally. There he glimpsed the bright shining sphere of the sun flashing through the spread leaves. Then he remembered his pursuers and the life he had left behind, and concentrated on the rough earth below. He must be careful of each leaping stride. A broken foot would destroy him and return him to his old self. Not now, for he was free.

He had not always been free. He could remember the binding chains and cracking whips of the past. How he had hated that dirty sun making him sweat with hatred. Yet now that same sun glowed with happiness and each ray showed hope; it made him think that once he had nearly died in slavery. Now he knew that he must die in freedom. He kept running.

The trees were beginning to thin out a bit. He decided that soon he must rest. For it had to be safer now. He had run so far. He reached a clearing of about two miles in length and decided to stop. He thought it must be around noon since the sun was high and shining in the sky. He smiled at it and fell into a comfortable sleep. His mind dreamed of freedom.

When he awoke his dreams turned into nightmares. He heard the frightening sounds of dogs barking. These were definitely the same ones he had seen run after other runaways. He had also seen them tear a human being in half. He was scared. He knew he was trapped and began to run into the field in a wild and crazed gallop. He was trapped. He heard the barks becoming more distinct. He ran. He ran as he had never run before. When he had covered roughly a mile he stopped. He looked up at the sun. It was hidden behind a massive cloud. His terror was slowly drifting out of him.

He looked back at where he had rested and saw the dogs beginning to chase across the field. He knew he could never outrun the dogs. He thought. He thought about life, and about death. He thought about everything he had ever thought of in his life. Plus much more. He thought for the longest minute in his life. Then he decided.

All his life he had been trapped. He knew now that he could not allow himself to run away in terror from something which had terrorized him all his life. That would just prove he was indeed the slave, and they were the masters. He would die in freedom. Yet would he die a free and singular man.

The feelings he had felt during his first run returned to him. Now he felt good. He looked up once more at the sun. It was once again staring at him and the cloud which at one point had covered it was gone. He laughed the hardest and truest laugh at this. He lay down in the grass and waited for death. When death came it was truly beautiful.

S. JAY

THE BULLET CONNOTATION

We passed the furry, mewling kittens and wandered down the aisle towards the bird section. Sharp-eyed canaries hopped from pole to pole in their aluminum cages. A budgie was pecking viciously at his cage in a vain attempt to attract the attention of some rare and gloriously coloured bird beside it. We stopped in front of a blue and green parrot which was amusing a group of grubby children with a monologue of disjointed phrases which it had obviously picked up from the sounds on the fairgrounds.

"Buy a candy floss, buy a popcorn!" it croaked. Liz smiled and tossed a sunflower seed into its miniature prison. Suddenly the parrot turned its head and aimed its black shining eyes straight at Liz. Amidst the pleasant atmosphere of young animals and fascinated children, something in my stomach turned cold.

"High death!" it croaked. "High death!" Liz looked at me and said, with a note of anxiety hovering in her voice: "Let's go outside."

I smiled faintly and walked away from the parrot and the children, who were beginning to feel hungry because of the parrot's advertising.

The air felt humid and unpleasant as we stepped from the Domestic and Rare Animal Buildings into the gradually diminishing hustle and bustle of the midway. Dusk had fallen and gaudy lights were beginning to flick on. The food vendors aimed their fans so that wafts of greasy but tempting smells of corn-on-the-cob and hot dogs reached the hungry crowds. Loud voices pushed their games with their "special deals" for young girls, spilling more money into the warm, moist air. People lined up to see the freak show, with scepticism written boldly on their faces, and came out with mixed disappointment and relief. Liz had her palm in mine and it felt clammy. Suddenly all the lights on the midway were on and the giant ferris wheel with the bullet-shaped compartments lit up the sky. That was one ride that we had to try!

"Let's go on the ferris wheel! Oh, Pete, I've never been," she said.

I smiled. "Sure you won't be sick?"

"Yes. Well . . . oh, come on! My treat." I was dragged gently through the throng of children around the duck-shooting booth. She paid for the tickets and watched as the huge ride spun slowly around and the bullets rocked to and fro. Screams of enjoyment, mostly, hit the ground as the wheel rose higher and higher. As it slowed to a stop I felt a tightening of the throat and attributed it to innocent fear and anticipation. I squeezed Liz's hand.

"Better take off your hat," she warned, "those bullets might just rock too hard and it'll fly out." I took off the panama hat with the blue band and handed it to her.

"Good luck charm," I said.

We climbed into a glaring yellow, chipped bullet and the man pushed the door shut, his attention elsewhere as a small boy was sick on the steps. Gradually our seat was raised higher and higher as each couple was put in a compartment. The midway lay before us like a vulgar Christmas card with a picture of coloured lights and tinsel on the front. The air seemed cooler at the top.

Then the ferris wheel really started. I kept my eye on Liz as I noticed she kept both hands on either side of my hat and shut her eyes.

"Look!" I shouted over the rushing air and music, but it seemed her excited fear was more important than a gaudy view. We went faster and faster and, as the bullet came closer to the others, she leaned to the opposite side of the car so that her leg was pressed firmly against the door. Suddenly a warm gust of air blew into the compartment and I realized that the door was opened. I looked a hundred feet down to a man shouting and suddenly noticed Liz's foot slipping out of the gap. The hat flew out of her grasp and her face was one of stark horror as she stretched out her arm and her body slid from the metal compartment and dangled out the open doorway. She grasped tightly onto the door as a man shouted through a megaphone, "You in there! Help her! Hold on, honey!" I clamped my hands around her wrists but she was stiff with terror. The door swung in the dark breeze. I tried to shut the door with one hand to bring her closer to the bullet but, with a sickening grind, the bottom hinge broke and she was hanging with only the support of the air and my grasp on her wrists. The door, at an odd angle, was a great weight threatening to leave its remaining hinge at any moment. Her body was swinging against it. I felt my voice become tense as I tried to reassure her and pull her up at the same time. She had stopped perspiring and she kept her gaze upwards, away from the milling crowd. The music had stopped. Over the thick air the sound of an animal being put away for the night rang clear.

"High death!"

G. HOWE

PROBLEMS OF BEING A PERFECT FISHERMAN

I hate to admit it, but I'm the perfect fisherman. I'm not being conceited, nor am I necessarily bragging, because I know that being the perfect fisherman is a God-given talent, and you're either born with it or you're not. The perfect fisherman is one who is able to see his partner's faults, correct them if they need correcting, and show him what he is doing wrong.

Many fishing magazines will tell you that the perfect combination is when one fisherman is perfect and the other is not. Thus, it is fair to conclude that a combination will go on the rocks when both are perfect or both imperfect.

During one competition, I was lucky enough to find an imperfect partner and, as a result, the contest was quite enjoyable. But it isn't easy being the perfect fisherman. For one thing, you have to be right all the time, and it can be embarrassing when you constantly have to point out to your partner his mistakes. Occasionally, he gets exasperated and shouts: "If I could win an argument just once — that's all I ask. Let me win just once!"

I think it would be interesting to let him win an argument; but how can I when he's always wrong? I could fake it, I guess, and pretend he was right; but how can a partner respect me if I am wrong?

Let me cite some of the problems that a perfect fisherman faces.

His partner has been at the lodge all day gutting fish, repairing flies and drinking it up with some fellow fishermen. His nerves may be slightly frayed. He keeps insisting, "But the tickle back fly will snag a bass if you pour beer on it!" Now the perfect fisherman comes back to the lodge after a day's fish. His role is that of a Supreme Court Justice. He must hear both sides of his partner's argument.

In many cases, I've had to rule against my partner. He may have demanded, in fact, sworn, that the tickle back fly will catch bass if you pour beer on it.

But, after hearing the arguments, I've had to rule in favour of my partner's shore friends. Naturally, my partner is disappointed, and at the time he can even be angry. But I have no choice. Since I'm also the perfect friend, I wouldn't want my friends to think badly of me.

As the perfect fisherman, I have had, on occasion, to point out to my partner the faults his fishermen friends make. Sometimes he feels the criticism is unjust. But I explain to him that he is blinded by friendship, and since I am not in contact with any of his people, it is easier for me to see what they are doing wrong.

If one is perfect in one's fishing life, one should also be perfect in one's social life. At the lodge, I am most honoured by the trophy-hunters. My partner has always felt that at the lodge I should pay more attention to my friends, but in order to stay a perfect fisherman I must always keep learning from the established pros.

Some think that, to be a perfect fisherman, you have to gut the fish and dig for worms. This is nonsense. Kings don't stand guard duty; presidents don't shovel snow; prime ministers don't wash their own cars. If you're the perfect fisherman you must insist on dignity and delegate authority. Let people with imperfections do the dirty work.

IF you're a partner to a perfect fisherman, you probably have recognized in your own partner all the traits that I have pointed out here. IF you're not, aren't you sorry that you're not my partner?

P. CROAL

I cannot comprehend my wandering mind,
Nor why it bids me scrawl across a page
These vagrant thoughts, chasing round rynd, to find
That nought will e'er avail of their rampage.
These fleeting love-hatès flit, as on a stage,
Through wings and ports, then out to briefly dwell
In splashing lights, 'mid peals of "Golden Age",

Then flee, as flirts, leaving an infidel.
If art must be inspired and crafted well,
My lines must cease to flow, must never be;
Where poets purr, whisper crisp words, I yell,
And craftsmanship can never be my plea.
 Why do I on these wandering treks embark?
 Why do I write? Why, 'tis but for the marks!

G. SELLERS

I often wonder, gazing at my verse,
How such as I could ever covet fame,
For any lines my pen might here coerce
Are soon o'ershadowed by a greater name.
Here Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, mighty quills,
Have etched eternal lines in time, and claim
The wild elusive quatorzain. Yet still
I strive to reach the threshold of their world;
My pen still gropes through shreds of rhyme until
A sonnet, crude and churlish, lies unfurled.
If poems be a garden, Petrarch's cream
The roses, mine are dying weeds uncurled.
 Then softly came a voice into my dream:
 "Thou seekst not fame. Expression is thy theme."

G. SELLERS

What tales of woe assail a foe-full age,
Which sting an ear or wring a tear from eyes?
What news of quakes or coups or rakes rampage,
Bring sorrow to tomorrow's new-found wise?
What fabled death avails a breath or sigh
That shows to man his glow can span his plights?
What crimes of gore must mime Greek lore, then die,
Before the lettered law, unfettered, fights?
What flocks must die to shock the tide of hunts,
And teach the children beasts can still run free?
What must we do to thrust the clues out front?
What score must flaunt this war-torn wanton spree?
 I know not what last blow will rouse mankind.
 But Judgement's steps I'm sure follow behind.

G. SELLERS

AUTOGRAPHS

JUNIOR ASHBURIAN



**ASHBURY COLLEGE
OTTAWA**

VOLUME XIX

1974

EDITOR OF THE JUNIOR ASHBURIAN — R. BROWN

CO-EDITOR — J. LUND

FACULTY ADVISER — D. L. POLK, Esq.

Day Boy Monitors

Harry Blackwood
Ross Brown
Simon Gittens
Tony Graham
Ian Kayser
David Walls

Boarder Monitors

Jay Abrahamsen
Tim Farquhar

Choir Monitors

Jay Abrahamsen
Simon Gittens
Michael Puttick
Rob Shields

Merit Award Winner

J. B. Woods

House Captains

Senior Dragons — T. Farquhar
Senior Goblins — L. Dunlop
Senior Hobbits — I. Kayser
Senior Wizards — S. Gittens

Junior Dragons — J. Ingold
Junior Goblins — P. Martin
Junior Hobbits — I. Fish
T. Mensforth
Junior Wizards — C. Habets

Top House-Point Winners

R. Brown	— 73	T. Webb	— 51	J. Clark	— 46
M. Puttick	— 58	P. La Traverse	— 49	C. Leth-Steensen	— 42
M. Bravo	— 54	V. Rigby	— 48	I. Kayser	— 41
M. Ferguson	— 52	D. Beedell	— 47	R. Shields	— 40

Boys Whose M.L.T.S. Standing Was 80% or Better — Excused Final Examinations

8A	7A	7K	6
R. Brown	D. Beedell	P. La Traverse	C. Leth-Steensen
M. Puttick	M. Bravo		C. Habets
D. Welch	M. Ferguson	7L	A. Johnston
	N. Fonay	J. Clark	M. Nesbitt
8	P. Kadziora		T. Webb
S. Lavery	G. Maclaren		
T. Warren	L. Munro		5
	V. Rigby		J. Mierins
			R. Tamblyn

Librarians

B. Baxter	J. Feldman	P. La Traverse	R. Shields	T. Warren
R. Brown	M. Hicks	M. Puttick	D. Walls	J. Zimmerman

Golden Boys

8A	7A	6
R. Brown — 9/9	R. Baxter — 6/9	I. Fish — 8/9
S. Gittens — 6/9	D. Beedell — 9/9	C. Habets — 6/9
M. Puttick — 9/9	M. Bravo — 9/9	A. Johnston — 9/9
D. Welch — 7/7	F. Faber — 6/9	C. Leth-Steensen — 9/9
	M. Ferguson — 9/9	T. Webb — 9/9
8	N. Fonay — 7/9	S. Welch — 6/9
S. Lavery — 9/9	G. Maclaren — 6/9	J. Woods — 9/9
T. Warren — 9/9	L. Munro — 9/9	
	V. Rigby — 8/9	5
7K		H. Bui — 8/9
P. La Traverse — 9/9	7L	R. Tamblyn — 6/9
A. Olachea — 8/9	J. Clark — 9/9	K. Hunt — 2/2
R. Smith — 6/9	L. Dunlop — 6/9	
D. Tamblyn — 8/9	K. Ellacott — 7/9	
	F. Maclaren — 8/9	



JUNIOR SCHOOL MONITORS — 1973-1974

Back Row: A. L. Graham, I. D. Kayser, D. M. Walls, S. G. Gittens.
 Front Row: J. S. Abrahamsen, T. G. Farquhar, M. H. E. Sherwood, Esq., H. A. Blackwood, W. R. Brown.

EDITORIAL

This year in Ashbury's history was marked by several distinct changes in its lifestyle. As editor it is my job to tell you briefly about the year past. The large number of exciting events makes this rather difficult.

Of course the high point of the year was the opening of Ashbury's new facilities, which David Josselyn wrote about at length in this space last year. The celebration was fashioned into an entire weekend of festivities, from the 13th to the 15th of October, '73. It was opened by an "Ashbury Day" on Saturday. Governor-General and Mrs. Michener were present to dedicate and officially open the new buildings. As part of the celebration, students, parents and Old Boys enjoyed an old-fashioned Fair and a bingo game, among other things, on the school grounds. This was followed by a chapel service and Old Boys' meeting and party. This was really well deserved, for Ashbury owes a lot to these generous gentlemen.

The effect of the new buildings was most pronounced on the Senior School, yet the obvious buzz of excitement around both schools was most evident. The emotional impact on the College as a whole was such as has never been witnessed before at Ashbury since it opened, 83 years ago. It has added numerous new possibilities to the already wide range of educational opportunities that has made Ashbury unique in Ottawa and, indeed, anywhere.

It is impossible to say whether the sport successes by the School this year were due to this change, but nonetheless they were quite impressive.

This academic year introduced to the Ashbury community several new twists. A talent show and a ping-pong tournament were very popular additions; the expansion of the A.S.C.O. (Ashbury Student Company) into, I believe, 5 separate companies provided invaluable experience in business operations. Dividends of 125% may not be realistic, but they sure kept the shareholders happy!

This year, sadly, was the last at Ashbury for 4 teachers (2 junior, 2 senior) and we wish them best of luck wherever they may choose to go.

In closing I would like to express my personal sincere thanks to the School for these last two happy, productive years. Successes and failures come and go, but memories last forever.

ROSS BROWN, Editor

P.S. I would like to thank John Lund for his great contributions as co-editor.



MARY BOYCE

The Junior School has just completed twenty years of its separate existence. Mary Boyce has been with us for over half of these twenty years. She moved into our Memorial Wing as Matron in January, 1963.

Mary will not be returning when school opens in the fall of 1974. She has decided to spend the coming years bouncing between Scotland where her sister is living alone, Ottawa where her daughter has three beautiful grandchildren for Mary to watch over, and Detroit where old friends live.

Two tributes were paid to Mary in June. At the Closing Ceremonies, Mr. Joyce presented her with a silver tray. The cheering at this moment was by far the loudest heard that afternoon, and Mary wiped her eyes several times. Perhaps even more memorable for Mary was an intimate gathering in the library attended by junior boarders, and seniors who had started their Ashbury careers in the Junior Wing under Mary's care. Don Paterson, Head Boy, made a fine presentation speech, and Mary was handed a travelling wallet (from the office staff) well stuffed with the results of a collection from boys and staff.

Mary performed her duties as Matron with conscientious interest. I think this statement would apply to matrons in most boys schools, but Mary went far beyond this. A more suitable term for her would be House Mother. Many a shy boy, lonely in his first stay away from home can attest to this. The fears and uncertainties of a new boy were quickly eased by Mary's sympathy and understanding. She could use a sharp tongue when necessary, but much more often her room was a haven from the raucous schoolboy world which occasionally becomes too much for a sensitive boy.

Mary was happy at Ashbury. This fact, combined with her down to earth Scottish good sense raised her above the standard of the average school matron.

"What you lose on the swings, you gain on the roundabouts." This is one of Mary Boyce's droplets of wisdom, but I'm not sure that it is always true. We've lost Mary, and I doubt if we can find a roundabout which will give us a prize to make up for this loss.

THE POETRY READING CONTEST

Ashbury maintains a happy balance between the academic and athletic development of a boy in the junior school. An emphasis on marks, a steady succession of testing periods, the colour board, daily reports, all these keep a constant classroom pressure on the boys. It is a pressure on which they thrive in almost every case. Full participation on the games fields brings a happy response, again from almost every boy. Why then the strong interest in poetry? About half the school enters the preliminary rounds for the annual contest in poetry reading. One answer may be Mr. Polk's poetry class in Grade 6 for which he has written the text.

The contest was held on a wet day during games period in Argyle, and Mr. Penton, a master in the senior school judged the competition. All the readers were very good and it must have been difficult to decide the winners, who were:

3rd place: Timothy Webb — Grade 6

2nd place: Mark Ferguson — Grade 7A

1st place: John Lund — Grade 8A

JOHN LUND

HUMANE SOCIETY CONTEST

In January all classes in the junior school wrote essays for the annual Humane Society Essay Contest. In Ottawa, 4,500 entries were submitted.

About a month later, the Director of the Humane Society came to Ashbury to announce the winners and distribute the book prizes. They were:

Ross Brown and John Lund in Grade 8

Barry Johnston and Robert Smith in Grade 7

No winners in Grade 6, unfortunately

Hung Bui, Ricky Konrad and Jeffrey Mierins in Grade 5

The judges considered Ross Brown's essay the second best in all Ottawa and his effort brought the Cruikshank Horse to reside in our trophy case for at least the next year. Ross' essay appears in the literary section of this magazine.

JOHN LUND

SOCKIE — 1974

Sockie originated in 1969 and is exclusive to Ashbury. The game is played in your socks with a tennis ball and is a combination of hockey and soccer. The net is usually a couple of lines drawn on the wall. It is played in Argyle and often disturbs Mr. Sherwood when he has parents in his office. However it seems to become more popular every year. Every boy (and Mr. Humphreys) has played it at one time or another, either before chapel, during lunch hour or after school. There is also quite a gang of day boys led by Schoeler who come to Argyle on Saturday mornings to have a game with the boarders.

Next year Ashbury hopes to see an organized league, but the masters are not as enthusiastic as the boys. Nevertheless, we can always hope!

JOHN LUND



WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR THE WEEKEND?

Life at Ashbury changes dramatically when the dayboys leave after school is finished on Friday afternoon.

When Mr. Sherwood dashes from class to class filling in the "Leave List," the boarders know that the weekend has practically arrived. Some choose to go home, others are invited to a friend's house, and about half remain at school.

Some activity is planned for most weekends. This frequently takes the form of an overnight stay in the country. We wish to thank the several parents who have provided outings for twenty to twenty-five juniors. (The number of boarders who choose to remain at school on these occasions rises dramatically). We must also mention the cheerful energy of Jim Humphreys who organizes a smooth departure, packing food, checking overnight packs, driving the van.

As you can see from the pictures, our excursions take no account of the seasons. The gentleman with the lawn mower is Admiral Lay, who together with Mrs. Lay, entertained us at their charming house in Fallbrook on two occasions. The first was a winter weekend complete with enthusiastic cross country skiing, snowshoeing, and a sleigh ride under the stars. The second was a spring weekend graced with superb weather. The boys camped out in tents and enjoyed the pool as well as activities on Fallbrook River.

BLUE SEA LAKE

On September 21st the boarders of the Junior School went to Mr. Sherwood's cottage on Blue Sea Lake, continuing a tradition which has been carried on for many years.

The trip took about two hours and was uneventful, except for some of the boys who drove with Mr. Sherwood who discovered near Chelsea that he had forgotten the keys to the cottage.

We arrived at seven in the evening and set up our tents. Two good cooks prepared good food for us.

During the weekend several of the boys and teachers went swimming even though the water was rather cold; some even dared to try water skiing.

Charlie Lay brightly tipped over his canoe by sitting on the stern and then standing up.

Mr. Sherwood fried steaks for our supper on the second night. That night many boys slept inside because it was considered too cold. However some did sleep in tents and others went to Joe Sherwood's cabin. He is Mr. Sherwood's 1st cousin.

We returned to school on Sunday afternoon after what had turned out to be a truly enjoyable adventure.

ROB SHIELDS

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Once again this year the boarders were invited for a Hallowe'en Party at the Babbitts'. We wandered over, stopping here and there for a treat on the way. When we arrived at the Babbitts', we immediately had a supper consisting of assorted sandwiches, and a dessert of ice cream, various pastries, and a cake donated by Mrs. Tottenham.

After dinner everybody concentrated in the basement for some make-up which was applied by Mr. Parks. Then, one by one, the assorted "things" departed and spread all over Rockcliffe. Most of the Staff were at the house when the boys drifted back, only to be told to go straight to the school.

This ended a wonderful evening. We thank the Staff and especially the Babbitts for a great time.

JAY ABRAHAMSEN



Shown above is the 7A class in our new junior science laboratory. It might appear that one or two in the class are not too excited by the unfolding drama of science! We trust that appearances are deceiving.

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL SCIENCE ROOM

A much needed renovation occurred in the Junior School this year with the refurbishing of the science room.

By using component cupboards for the bench and wall set-up, we were able to cut costs two ways. First we were able to do our own designing of the system, and second, with the help of many, we were able to install the benches and cupboards ourselves. The plumbing and electrical work were contracted out and installed very well.

The new storage areas have been most useful and the set-up will allow more student participation in science lessons.

J. L. BEEDELL

Editor's note. In this rather formal statement, Mr. Beedell makes only an indirect mention of his own very substantial contribution to the laboratory. Not only the design, but practically all of the physical labour involved were provided by Mr. Beedell after school hours and on weekends.

CAPTAIN NOAH

and his floating Zoo . . . this Lenten meditation was presented under Mr. Graham's direction in concert by the students of grades 6-7-8 at the end of Winter term. The chapel choir formed the Chorus, and entire classes entered the stage to join in the presentation of songs about the building of the Ark, the Flood, and the Rainbow. Between songs were read scripture passages to provide a narrative background for the mini-oratorio. In this way we not only selected "good" voices, instead ALL students of these forms were participating. This can be considered a signal achievement in the musical history of Ashbury College, and was recognized as such by the listening members of both Junior and Senior Schools.

The First Annual Junior School Talent Extravaganza

PROGRAMME

Grade 7L	Choral Singing
Shields	Piano — Irish Boy Study No. 5 by Lemoine
Farquhar III	
Johnston IV	
Sourial	Skit — "That Darn Banana"
Wilson V	
McClenahan	Solo — Both Sides Now Yesterday
Lahey I	Chalk — Instant Art
Mr. Babbitt	Harmonica — Selections
Mr. Parks	Guitar — Selections
Poirier	Piano — Headache — a self-composition
King	Words, words, words
Mr. Humphreys	A comic ballad
Davies	Solo — Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring
Bland	
Bystram	
Clark III	Skit — "At the Park"
Mahoney II	
Lahey II	Piano — The Blue Danube Yesterday

The School presented a new and hitherto unknown aspect of its character this year by introducing a Talent Show organized by Mr. Graham and Mr. Polk.

One grey day in March with the wind howling outside, throwing snow all over our hockey rink to prevent normal Games, all the students assembled in Argyle to view a great variety of entertainment, from piano players to artists, from acted skits to attempts (successful) to remain stone-faced, silently staring at a laughing audience.

Variety truly was the name of the game that day. Lahey I's chalk drawings on the blackboard raised a few eyebrows, as he made pictures of Mr. Polk, a little on the tipsy side, and Sherlock Holmes. Mr. Polk did not appear to object too much to the caricature. Lahey's exhibition won one of the three prizes which had been presented by Mr. Sherwood.

David McClenahan's sweet voice earned him a prize as well, singing "Both Sides Now", and "Yesterday".

The other prize was awarded to the performers of the skit "At the Park".

It was encouraging to find 15 contestants and one class (7L) courageous enough to perform. Messrs Babbitt, Humphreys and Parks helped out with song and music.

Altogether it was a most entertaining afternoon which helped to warm up an otherwise cheerless day.

ROSS BROWN

CHESS

Glancing back over recent Ashburians I note that the brief introduction to the chess tournament tells us that each has attracted the largest number of entries ever. Last year "101 boys entered the competition, by far the largest number in the history of this tournament". This year was the 15th in this annual event and we had 111 contestants. I only hope that we will be able to get all their names onto these two pages.

8A

8A									
Andrews	}	Puttick	}	Puttick	}	Puttick	}	Puttick	}
Baxter		Baxter							
Blake	}	Blake	}	Blake	}				
Bond									
Brown	}	Abrahamsen	}		}				
Abrahamsen									
		Graham		Graham					
		Hicks			}	Graham			
		Gittens		Kayser					
		Kayser							
		Lund		MacLaurin					
		MacLaurin			}	Shields			
		Morton		Shields					
		Shields			}	Welch			
		Spearman		Spearman					
		Wright			}	Welch			
		Zwirewich		Welch					
		Welch							

8

Farquhar	}	Farquhar	}	Farquhar	}	Farquhar	}	Farquhar
Aliferis								
Assaly	}	Bell	}					
Bell								
Fogarty	}	Bradley	}	Keith				
Bradley								
Heringer	}	Keith	}					
Keith								
Lavery	}	Lavery	}	Lavery				
Murray								
O'Dell	}	O'Dell	}		Lavery			
Walls								
Warren	}	Watson	}					
Watson								
Zimmerman	}	Blackwood	}	Watson				
Blackwood								

7A

Baxter	{	Wilson	{	Wilson	{	{	Wilson				
Bravo		Baxter									
Cuhaci	{	Faber	{	Feldman	{			{	Wilson		
Faber											
Feldman	{	Feldman	{		{					{	Wilson
Ferguson											
		Fonay		Habets		{	Wilson				
		Habets			{						
		Ingold		Kadziora							
		Kadziora									
		Mensforth		Lahey		{	Munro				
		Lahey			{			Munro			
		Maclaren		Munro					{	Munro	
		Munro				{					Munro
		Puttick		Puttick			{		Munro		
		Rigby			{	Puttick					
		Adjeleian		Beedell				{		Puttick	
		Beedell					{				Puttick

7K

Bui	}	Davies	}	Gale				
Davies	}		}					
Fraser	}	Gale	}					
Gale	}		}			Gale		
King	}	King	}					
La Traverse	}		}	King				
McClenahan	}	McClenahan	}					
Morrison	}		}					
Nicol	}	Nicol	}	Sutterlin				
Smith	}		}					
Squires	}	Sutterlin	}					
Sutterlin	}		}			Sutterlin		
		Tamblyn	}	Whitney				
		Whitney	}					

7L

Ellacott	}	Ellacott	}	Ellacott				
Lay	}	Bystram	}					
		Maclaren	}	Maclaren		Ellacott		
		Farquhar	}					
		Schoeler	}	Schoeler				
		Viets	}					
		Wilson	}			Dunlop		
		Dunlop	}	Dunlop				

6

Assaly	}	Mensforth	}	Borthwick				
Borthwick	}	Borthwick	}			Borthwick		
Durazo	}	Habets	}					
Habets	}		}	Habets				
Haslam	}	Haslam	}					
Johnston	}		}					
Lahey	}	Lahey	}	Lahey				
Leth-Steensen	}		}					
Milne	}	Nesbitt	}					
Nesbitt	}		}			Lahey		
Panneton	}	Romain	}					
Romain	}		}	Romain				
		Fish	}					
		Woods	}	Woods				
		Sellers	}					
		Sutcliffe	}	Sutcliffe		Woods		
		Wayand	}					
		Webb	}					
		Welch	}	Welch				
		Wyspianski	}					
		McIntosh	}	McIntosh				

5

Bui	}	Bui	}				
Campbell	}		}	Bui			
Conway-James	}	Daniels	}				
Daniels	}		}				
Draper	}	Keith	}			Bui	
Keith	}		}	Keith			
Konrad	}	Konrad	}				
Kriegler	}		}				
		Mierins	}	Tamblyn			
		Tamblyn	}				
		Wilson	}			Tamblyn	
		Carter	}	Wilson			
							Bui

Finals

8A	}	8A	}				
8	}		}	8A			
7A	}	7A	}				
7K	}		}				
7L	}	6	}			8A (Mike Puttick)	
6	}		}	6		THE CHAMP!	
		5					



Pictured above is part of the Junior School international set, taken in the new Junior School Common room.

Back Row: Jay Abrahamsen (Denmark), Aik Aliferis (Greece).

Middle Row: Floris Faber (Holland), Francisco Durazo (Mexico), Simon Gittens (Barbados), Agustin Olachea (Mexico), Ronny Habets (Holland).

Front Row: Hung Bui (Viet Nam), Hunter Tootoo (as Canadian as they come!), Bach Bui (Viet Nam).

PUBLIC SPEAKING '74

This year's contest took place with six contestants. They were:

8A — JOHN LUND. His speech was John's favourite topic, the problems of preparing a speech, giving helpful hints to anyone faced with the ordeal of making one.

8 — JUSTIN FOGARTY. Skiing and skating were his topics. Sprinkled with puns, it was apparently enjoyed by the audience.

7A — DAVID BEEDELL. Skiing again, but this time cross-country skiing. He gave an account of its long history.

7A — MARK FERGUSON. He set the audience rolling all over Argyle with his speech on spoonerisms. The laughter almost drowned out the speech.

7K — DAVE TAMBLYN. Back to seriousness again, with an intriguing talk on sailing and its history.

7L — MICHAEL SOURIAL. A rather convincing speech on the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

When all the speeches were heard and contestants were nervously awaiting the final decision, the winners were announced. Third Prize went to Mark Ferguson, Second to Michael Sourial, and the Charles Gale Prize for the best public speaker went to none other than John Lund, for the second consecutive year. But whereas last year, John got no further than the Ashbury finals, this year he went on to win the Ottawa final's, the Eastern Ontario finals and placed *second* in the whole of Ontario. Great work John!

ROSS BROWN



THE GALLERY OF GREAT CANADIANS

The picture above shows Hunter Tootoo, on behalf of Grade 5, accepting Governor General Roland Michener's picture to add to the Gallery of Great Canadians. The presentation took place when Governor General Michener officially opened the new building at Ashbury in October, 1973. Shown in the background are W. A. Joyce, Headmaster; Don Paterson, Captain of the School; Rodney Moore, an Ashbury Old Boy and aide-de-camp to the Governor General. On the right is Mr. Tottenham, form master of Grade 5.

Mr. H. J. Robertson, director of the Canadian Studies Programme in the Senior School, started the Gallery of Great Canadians in 1971. The collection is designed to bring to life a wide sweep of current events and history for our Grade 5 boys. Mr. Tottenham has carried on the programme for the past three years. Included in the Gallery are portraits of Chief Dan George, Gordie Howe, A. Y. Jackson, Mike Pearson, John Diefenbaker (when Mike Pearson viewed the Gallery he insisted with a stern look, but with a very merry twinkle in his eye, that his portrait should hang above that of Diefenbaker!), Gerhard Herzberg, Dr. Charles H. Best, Senator Norman Paterson, Roland Michener and Russ Jackson.

A VISIT BY MRS. SHAKUNTALA DEVI

On January 18 Mrs. Devi, a renowned mathematical genius, came to visit Ashbury to display her intriguing abilities.

It was an excellent display as Mrs. Devi showed her adeptness at solving huge number problems and answering questions on days of the week, birthdays and historic dates.

Shawn Lavery challenged Mrs. Devi with an electric calculator. Mrs. Devi won.

All in all, it was an excellent visit, as all the boys enjoyed it.

ROSS BROWN & JOHN LUND



JUNIOR HOUSE COMPETITION

Most of the things that the boys do during the year, individually or as a team, are reflected in points for their House. The system allows many scoring chances for all, and the boys' response to the challenge of inter-house competition is one of the great forces at Ashbury. It is wonderful to be involved with a team during a drive for points with all members digging in to do their level best to help. Knowledge, skill and teamwork are applied to the common goal with great benefit to the boys in terms of loyalty, leadership and grit.

This year the struggle for the Pitfield Shield went right to the wire with three of the four houses in an excellent position to win it all on Sports Day. Excitement was intense, and the boys gave it everything they had. They were simply superb.

The results were:

First	—	Wizards
Second	—	Hobbits
Third	—	Dragons
Fourth	—	Goblins

After the complete school year only seven points separated the two leading houses. Congratulations to Mr. Polk and Mr. Tottenham and their Wonderful Wizards, and congratulations to all of the other teams and team members. It was a great year!

G. W. BABBITT

PING PONG

A ping pong tournament was held this year with most Forms sending their champion to the play-offs. Form winners were Abrahamsen (8a), Watson (8), Bravo (7a), Sutterlin (7k), Durazo (6). In the finals Bravo edged Watson, winning three out of the five games.

Literary Section

A STRANGE MEETING WITH AN OBJECT FROM OUTER SPACE

"... and therefore, life on planet Biggle-Wiggle is possible."

"Possible? My foot!" I said aloud as I switched off my radio. "The things they're broadcasting nowadays. Huh!"

I was in my apartment listening to some nit in front of a microphone saying there was life on a planet in another galaxy. I drank my orange juice and headed for bed.

As I lay in my bed contemplating the events of the day I heard a series of whirrs, thumps and bangs.

"Oh! Darn it!" I exclaimed. "The vacuum cleaner has got loose again. I'm going to have to get a leash for that machine."

I stomped out of my bedroom and found to my surprise that half of the living room had been torn away! In the middle of the floor was a little round thing that went "Bleep, bleep".

Immediately I thought that I'd had too much orange juice. My eyes were starting from my head, but after I'd given them a good rub and put them back, neatly polished, the apparition was still there.

As I studied it more carefully a little hatch opened and a small, purple-coloured man hopped out, followed by two smaller, purple-coloured men. I expected him to say, "Take me to your Tang," but instead he said, "Binshbo glorb chambriki!"

I wracked my brains for languages and blurted out a rather muddled up, "Sprechen-zie Deutsch? Parlez-vous français? Speekee Italiano?"

He seemed quite puzzled by my words, and in a last minute effort I asked, "Speak English?"

To my relief he replied with a vigorous nod. "We are from the planet Biggle-Wiggle," said the first little man who obviously was the captain. "We came here to find out more about your planet, Earth. We thought there might be intelligent life on this planet, but I see now that we were wrong."

As he was saying this I noticed his odd appearance. He was about one and a half foot tall, six inches wide, and had bright pink polka-dots all over his back. He had seven legs, with little tufts of hair springing up from his rather dirty toenails. Altogether, he was rather a weird sight.

"I am going to brain-wash you," he said in a very gruff voice. "Then you will tell me all about your planet — in an intelligent way."

He approached me cautiously, and then said in a quiet voice, "You are getting sleepy, very sleepy; you want to sleep; I will hypnotize you to sleep."

"I'll be bored to sleep if he carries on like this," I thought to myself.

"When I snap my toes you will fall asleep," he whispered.

He snapped his toes (all 56 of them) and instantly both of his guards fell asleep. Just like clockwork two little men, shaped like red crosses, appeared and carried them away on a stretcher.

"Since that didn't work, I shall have to use force," snarled the leader, who, incidentally, was named Glorbaglush. "I will use my K.49 space-atomic agitator B!"

I noticed that a bunch of Biggle-Wigglians were peeping out from the space ship, and they gasped in fright as he pulled out something that looked as dangerous as a pop-gun.

The suspense was unbearable as he closed his eyes, put a finger (?) in his ear (?) and began to squeeze the trigger. Suddenly it happened! "CLICK!" Out of the agitator popped a little red flag that said "BANG!" I looked at it curiously.

"I give up! You are incapable of behaving intelligently at all! I'm getting out of this crazy place."

At this moment the vacuum cleaner got loose again, and it frightened the little Biggle-Wigglians out of their wits, if indeed I may use that perhaps too generous expression.

"Ahg! It's an atomic energizer!" they shouted madly as they hopped around in confusion. When they finally remembered their space ship, they jumped into it, closed the hatch with a bang, and blasted off. They seemed to be heading for the sun.

"Boy! Am I glad to get rid of that lot!" I sighed.

I switched on the radio to calm myself ". . . and therefore, life on planet Shmorgimam VII is possible."

"Whirr, thump, bang."

"Oh no!" I thought. "Here we go again!"

TIM WEBB — 6

IF ONLY I HAD KEPT MY MOUTH SHUT!

"Goodby, dear," I said.

The reply I received was a half-broken skillet winging its way across the room followed by various other kitchen utensils and some assorted blasphemies. I was the intended target. Fortunately, I was only hit badly by the shrill notes of the screaming and swearing. Whoever said "sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me," was obviously a bachelor.

I knew what would be in store for me when I got home. My mother-in-law would be standing in the doorway with a half-broken umbrella, which was the next thing to a murder weapon. Anything half-broken in our house was only in that condition because it had been used upon me with some degree of effectiveness at one point or another.

Last night I returned home late at night because of some extra work at the office. Zelda, my wife, thought I was in some motel with a reservation for two. She also thought that she was not one-half of that party.

It all started when I was in third year college. I went to Sam's Bar and Grill for lunch with some friends of mine. Zelda was there, looking as sexy as possible for a thirty-one inch waist. She did a fine job of that. I asked her out once that week, but then started to date her more often. Soon after the third month of dating I gave her my fraternity pin. Two weeks later I bought her an engagement ring. By the time I was out of college, we decided to be married. There we were, walking up to the altar. The priest looked ominous against the candlelight. I also distinctly remember how badly the organist played the wedding march. She was so bad, that I tripped trying to walk in time with the beat. The priest went through the whole routine, and then he asked me the sixty-four thousand dollar question. If only I had kept my mouth shut! Instead I said "I do," which turned out to be the biggest mistake of my life. I realized that when her first words in our married life were, "George, I think I'm getting a sick headache! George? George! . . ."

D. WELCH — 8

THE SCHOOL DAY

(A Typical Day in the Life of "Unlucky" Alan Hailey)

"Dzzzz!"

"Well, (click) here we are. Let's see, oh, yes, yet another gruelling test today. Why do literature tests have to come every five weeks?" I said to myself. Getting up, I discovered the dog had made a midnight snack of my slippers. This *wasn't* going to be my day.

While I attempted to digest a bowl of Fruitless Loops, I entertained myself by viewing the end panel. 'Send today for your free whizbang!' it said.

"Not today, thanks, mister. *I've* got to go to school. But my gourmet friend here might like one. The dog *loves* styrene plastic."

Doesn't it *always* snow when you get ready to go to school? The daily cycle repeated itself. Shovel out the driveway, wipe off the car windows, and what happens? The snowplow comes by. Great!

By the time I reached school, I found people scurrying off to chapel. I caught the end of the 8A line and followed. Seeing a stock car race was quite comparable to what I saw then. I veered away for a short pit stop at the water fountain. "Of course it's malfunctioning. I could have told — SPLURSH! — it works!"

On the way back from chapel, one could hear humming to the tune of the hymns. This changed when they remembered that spelling was fast approaching, and the humming assumed a rather sombre note.

At nine o'clock the regular classes began. There were groans all around me when the bell rang. "Well, gym isn't that bad! . . . oh, it's French. I see your point *now*."

When the class was over, nobody really felt like continuing, but in came Mr. Perkins, and instantly everyone realized he *had* to continue. It was the test.

Twenty minutes later, Mr. Perkins left for a phone call, which gave everybody a bit of a breather and a chance to think over matters. The second half was easier to do, as everybody was rested — except for me, who was still searching for my test sheet I had lost three minutes earlier.

Well, I completed the test eventually, but I did not exactly look forward to the prospect of what was coming to me at break. Timidly, I stepped outside the safe confines of the school. Almost immediately, I was greeted by a stray (ahem!) snowball and a snow fight ensued. Even when I went inside after break, the snowballs kept coming, much to the dismay of Arthur Petersen.

Math period was somewhat of a relief — there was no danger from snowballs. I enjoyed math period thoroughly. I learned three things — bisecting triangles, parallelograms and *never* to bend your protractor too far.

Obviously Mr. Perkins didn't have our tests marked. Grammar came instead for English period. I reached for my grammar book, which was at the back of the desk. When it came out, seven other books followed. I caught five, but the heaviest two fell to the floor with a sickening CRUNCH. Luckily, they missed my feet.

Before I realized it, the class was over and I found myself watching José Juarez explaining to Ian Carter where he had gathered the worm collection he was showing him. That tore it. How could I eat lunch after that? Bleah!

After a rather uncomfortable lunch in which everything seemed to be made out of worms, Hawkins started a Sockie game. I joined in, and was doing fine until I slid into a passing Senior while trying to intercept a pass. I made a rather hasty exit.

Still running I reached the locker room. There were already people there, so I had to hurry. Vaulting neatly a couple of benches, I made a beeline for my lock. I dialed the combination and it wouldn't open. It stuck. No matter how hard I pulled, kicked or twisted, it wouldn't budge. Until I let it go, that is.

I just caught the bus in time. Being late entailed standing in the aisle with all my equipment, and every time the bus lurched, the bag would disappear under the seat. Keeping track of the bag and still keeping my balance was a mite troublesome.

The game went well, and we won 5 to 3, with a goal by yours truly. I was quite proud, and I knew the afternoon would go just perfectly.

The next class was geography and we learned about Russia and its people, and where and how they live. A discussion about Watergate which mysteriously sprang up in the middle was a bit out of context, but very stimulating.

Science and Latin went rather smoothly except for the fact that I slipped and fell outside the science room where the janitors had just waxed the floor. It was hard to change over into Latin from science, but nothing went wrong. I studied the Third Declension over and over until I was sure that when I woke up in the morning I would ask Mom for a glass of -o, -is, -it, -imus, -itis, -unt juice by mistake.

But all good things must come to an end, and I had to stop working. All in all, the day hadn't been *too* bad — but the day wasn't over yet. After dodging the stampede to the Tuck Shop, I was in such a hurry that I yanked my lunchbox out of the locker without realizing it wasn't locked. What followed didn't do great things for my thermos.

When I reached the car, I regained my composure. Father was waiting for me. I knew precisely what he'd ask. He did.

"How'd it go, son? What happened today?"

"Oh . . . nothing."

ROSS BROWN — 8

MY GREAT AUNT ETHEL

Do you have any unusual relatives? I have a rather extraordinary one. She is my Great Aunt Ethel, a lovable person who is very original. Everyone enjoys paying her a visit.

Her home is like a museum, as it is full of things from different places on the globe that she has visited. She now lives in the heart of London because of its wonderful zoo. She is a great animal lover, with a special affection for the wild ones which have a particular fascination to her.

She has a great passion for elephants, especially the large African type. Just about every ledge or table in her house is covered with pottery or glass elephants. Her father went on many safaris, and as a small girl my Great Aunt had ridden many elephants in India. She had always wanted to go on a safari but was never allowed to do so.

I can not imagine that she has ever been to a dentist. She has only a few teeth left but luckily two of these are the front teeth so that she can whistle. When she talks she whistles her "S's". She wears long dresses with rows of necklaces and bright-coloured shawls. She likes to snack on sweet things which she eats with a spoon, a knife and several toothpicks.

At her house everybody is given a warm welcome. She is as good as the Royal Cook, and she prepares extravagant meals with scrumptious desserts. Even if you only visit for half an hour she will make sure that you get well fed.

I think that my Great Aunt Ethel is one of the sweetest persons in the world. I hope that you, too, can visit my eccentric aunt soon.

MICHAEL BRAVO — 7

MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

We had left our hotel in Oxford and were driving to London to join a sightseeing cruise ship, which sailed on the Thames from Westminster to Greenwich. We parked our car at Marble Arch and took the underground to Westminster and went aboard the ship.

When we cast off, into a terrific wind, we headed in the direction of Greenwich. I photographed St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, the Shell building, the Queen Elizabeth Centre, various ships, a hydrofoil and other points of interest.

About two hours later the dock at Greenwich came into view, and with it the tall graceful masts and rigging of the clipper Cutty Sark. We eventually found The Spanish Galleon, a restaurant which our captain had recommended.

We were shown to our table and I ordered a huge plate of spaghetti.

"You know how to eat it?" asked the waiter in a Spanish accent.

"Yes, I think so."

A family we had met on the cruise was seated at a table near us by a most unhappy chance. The boy of the family glanced over at our table just in time to see a huge bundle of spaghetti fall from my fork as it approached my wide opened mouth. He tapped his sister's shoulder and she stared over at me while I attempted to regain the lost spaghetti.

"Slop," my brother said.

"Shut up!"

"Lauchlan," said my mother very slowly and deliberately.

"Yes?"

A giggle came from that other table.

I frowned.

Another giggle was heard.

I got the spaghetti onto my fork and then it promptly slid off into my water glass with a sort of slurping noise.

Giggle.

"Sh!"

"Oh, waiter, could we have some more water here?" my brother asked.

I turned red as a beetroot but recovered enough to say, "I'll talk to you later."

Giggle.

"Sh!"

This was too much. With a defiant glare and many inglorious slops and spills, I forged ahead through the jungle of spaghetti and finished my meal before everyone else. I glanced scornfully at the other table.

However, from that day forward, I have never, and *will* never eat spaghetti in a restaurant. Spaghetti had brought about my most embarrassing moment.

LAUCLAN MUNRO — 7

MY FRIEND

My English text book is my friend,
From its beginning to its end.
It's here to teach me day by day,
All the good things along life's way.

ALAIN CONWAY-JAMES — 5

ONE FROM NINE IS EIGHT

Well, there's Johnny! I wonder what he's up to now . . . Oh, I see, he's going outside. I hope he lets me come . . . uh huh, the door's open, so I guess I can. Well, then, let's go, Johnny!

My, it's muddy out here. Remind me to clean my paws when I come back. Hey, there's Terry, the paper boy! So that's why Johnny came out. I wonder what's in the cat's pages today? Nothing much, I guess — What's that streak of brown I just caught a glimpse of galloping down the street? If it's what I think it is, I'm going to try to go get it. Hmm . . . I've got to time the break correctly . . . wait until Johnny's not looking . . . perfect! Well, here goes!

That mouse's awfully fast; it's getting further ahead of me every second. Probably the quagmire in the street is making me slide. Ha! I've cornered him into seeking refuge in an old alley! Well, *I* can fix *that*. Slowly, now, easy does it. . . . bah, he found an opening in the wall. If I stick a paw in maybe I'll get him — oh, no, that hole comes out on the next alley. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again, I suppose. Now to pull myself out and get — ahem — NOW TO PULL MYSELF OUT — oh, it's no use, my paw's stuck! Now the mouse doesn't matter so much as my paw! Ow! Boy, that smarts! I wonder how I got it in in the first place? . . . (Sniff, sniff) Hold it, I smell trouble — oh, oh, it's Ruff! Come on out, paw, I've got to get moving! Oh, great, it only hurts more. *Now* I've got to fight that stupid mongrel with a one paw disadvantage. O.K., first a kick with my left hind paw . . . MEOWRR! HISS! (Assorted other high-pitched feline noises.) Well, a claw in the eye ought to work . . . hold it, what's this? Where's he gone? Hmph! He's chickened out! No, he hasn't . . . somebody's holding him and feeding him some veal bones. That's unfair! As if I'd want veal bones anyhow, but . . . That's probably his master. Notice how he doesn't give *me* anything.

* * *

I reckon I must have been here in this dark alley about a day now . . . my stomach's growling, my fur's matted from the rain, and my paw's still lodged firmly in that hole. And (sniff!) no-one's spotted me yet. Hey, listen! It's footsteps! And coming this way! It's not another dog — it's a man! It says on his jacket HU-MANE SO-CI-ET-Y, whatever they are — probably one of those groups or clubs that humans seem to like to have. Why, he's got a towel — oh, that feels good! Thank goodness this guy came along; I was beginning to catch pneumonia! My, he's got some cold milk, too! *That's* better than a brown mouse *any day*! And he's getting my paw out of the hole — oo, that stings — my goodness, he's pried it out already! I lost a claw, I guess, but that's not much. Now he's bandaging it so I can walk on it. Isn't that considerate of him! There are two other men at the end of the alley with a box. I suppose that's to catch me if I get mad at this guy here . . . but why *should* I? These people are really helpful! I wonder if they help other animals in distress too? I shudder to think of having had to stay here another hour!

My, Johnny looks awfully relieved — so am I! I wish I could think of some way to thank them, but I don't know how I can — hmm . . . maybe the next time I meet him I can present him with one of my most treasured possessions . . . a mouse!

ROSS BROWN — 8

Editor's Note. This essay, written for the Humane Society Contest, was considered second best of all the stories written by Grade 8 students throughout Ottawa.

THE OLD MAN

The old man sat on a park bench, watching the pigeons peck at the crumbs he had sprinkled on the sidewalk. He looked tired, as if he had been tired for a long time. Everything about him looked tired — the faded floppy hat, the worn overcoat with the missing button, the baggy-kneed pants, the scuffed shoes worn down at the heels — everything but his eyes.

The dark eyes were trapped in a net of wrinkles, with two deep lines following the long fine nose and ending in a clipped white mustache. There was a hint of friendliness in the upturned corners of his mouth as he murmured back at the greedy birds around his feet.

The crumbs all gone, the birds left in a flurry of beating wings. He watched them go and his eyes belied his smiling mouth. Deep in those eyes were many things. Things in the past, things thought to have been forgotten, defiance, anger, regret — they were all there.

There was the sadness he felt for lost things. What things? His youth, his vigor, his energy, his skill, his ambitions — all had waned and some had died over the years. There was that melancholy understanding that some things don't last forever. And there was his hatred of time; that hatred which comes from realizing that one is slowly being sapped of strength and vitality by an implacable foe.

There were things remembered — good things like dancing and climbing a mountain and sailing a boat and running a mile and playing football. There were things not quite remembered, scraps and tatters of events and people that didn't seem to fit anywhere, like a jumbled jigsaw puzzle.

And the eyes searched for things not remembered, things which other people remembered, but the cloud of time hid from him.

The old man sat on the park bench, looking at the cemetery, and fighting time.

JOHN LUND — 8

MY GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY

I was walking to school
One fine summer's day,
When I heard a cry,
To my dismay.
It was a plea for help,
But I didn't know where,
So shrugging it off,
I whistled without care.
Then I heard it again,
That pitiful cry,
And it seemed as though
It was very close by.
And there in a brook,
Sat a little child,
Crying her eyes out,
As if she were wild.
So I pulled her out,
And sent her on her way,
And knew I had done
My good deed for the day.

DAVID McCLENAHAN — 7

THE ROOM

Where was he? He had just regained consciousness. He looked around, but everything was blurred. Gradually his vision cleared and he realized that he was in a room. He looked for a chair or a bed. There were none. There was nothing in the room. The room was totally unfurnished.

He was lying on the floor and found that he was deathly cold. He sat up. He looked for a door or a window. There were none. It was then that he saw the walls were made of stainless steel which shone with a dull gleam.

Slowly the emotions, long pent up in his mind, came to the surface. He let loose a deafening scream. Echoes rebounded from the walls. They died down and he heard a dull hum which gradually became higher and higher. He wanted to scream again but knew that it would only make matters worse. He needed something to plug his ears. He tried to tear his jump suit, but it stuck to his skin like glue.

He tried to convince himself that he was dreaming, but this was impossible. It was all tragically real. Finally, hours later, exhausted, he slept.

When he woke nothing had changed except that a bowl of fruit was on the floor across the room. Crazed with hunger he ran to the bowl. As he reached out for the fruit, it disappeared.

Then he realized that the floor on this side of the room was unbearably hot. Holding back a cry of pain he struggled back to his corner.

On the third day long spikes appeared through the floor on his side of the room. He got to his feet and dodged toward the other side. He tripped and was impaled on a spike.

In Paradise, he joined the other sufferers from The Room.

MARK FERGUSON — 7

HERBIE ANT

Once upon a time there lived a colony of ants. They lived just by the brim of a bath tub. This tub was very rarely used in the winter because it was in a cottage and this cottage was in no way winterized.

One of the most famed ants in the colony was Herbie Ant. He was known for his bravery and mountain climbing skill. Herb knew that inside the tub was a vast valley, but no one knew what was on the other side of the valley. There were fables of great riches — mountains of gold and diamonds.

If you are wondering why no ant went around this tub, it was because there was a huge crack not far from where they lived and it was impossible to cross this crack. The only way across the valley was to slide down the bath tub and climb the other side. Everyone was counting on good ol' Herb to do it.

One day all the ants lined the edge of the tub to see Herbie off. There was a sudden hush as Herbie prepared for the slide-down. The Mayor of Antville placed the pack of tools on Herb's back.

Herbie slid down sitting on his custom-made pants which had a slab of metal to protect his legs. He reached bottom safely, crossed the valley and started up the other side. There was a problem — in fact two problems.

Number 1. Water was starting to drip from the tap because it was spring now, and the water was getting closer and closer to Herbie.

Number 2. The side of the tub was too slippery for Herbie to climb.

All of a sudden a great gush of water came out of the tap, and with it went Herbie!

No one knows what happened to Herbie Ant, but if you see an ant climbing out of the drain in your tub, ask its name. It might be Herbie Ant.

MICHAEL SOURIAL — 7

THE GHOST OF ASHBURY

I had been a boarder at Ashbury for only a few weeks when these events took place. I was a lonely child and was at the school because my parents had gone to Africa. I made some friends who were also new at the school.

We had been told by the older boys about a young matron who walked around the school every Friday the Thirteenth, the day of her death. We were told that she had become angry at the boys for nagging her and, in a fierce way, she had turned and struck one of the boys, knocking him to the ground. She had been told to leave the school on the following morning by the headmaster. That night, after seeing the boys to sleep, she climbed into the attic and hanged herself. This had happened in 1895, almost ten years ago.

Ever since, on every Friday the Thirteenth, she would walk around the school and check all the boys' rooms. I was not going to believe this story until I actually saw it happening. In two weeks Friday October the Thirteenth, 1904, would arrive. I cannot say I was hoping for the night to come, but I was certainly excited.

Robin, Andrew and I would prove that there was no ghost by walking and hunting all over the school, including the attic.

Finally the day arrived and during the day we prepared for our night's adventure. We carried water and torches in our pack-sack. After prep we went up to our dorms and waited patiently for midnight. I passed the time by counting all the stars I could see, trying not to close my eyes.

The chapel clock struck twelve. I slipped out of my room and met the others down stairs. We started our journey around the school. We almost ran into some masters who were talking outside the common room. It was a pretty close call.

After going all around the school and seeing nothing unusual, we headed for the attic. I got the ladder and we climbed up. We headed for the far end of the room in the dark, stepping carefully over the trunks. We turned a corner, and suddenly a faint glow appeared in front of us.

"Andrew, Robin, come here quick! Look down there," I said in a low whisper.

The glow turned into a vague object which moved slowly toward us. Soon we could make out the figure to be that of a girl approaching us with light footsteps. She was wearing a white nightgown which blew behind her as she began to move more rapidly. Robin screamed and ran, tripping over every trunk, as he dashed for the trap door. Andrew had fallen to the floor and gazed up at her in terror, while I stood frozen, looking into her face. She placed her hand on my forehead and ran it down my face. I felt a chill from head to toe and shivered. Then she disappeared into the darkness as I fell to the ground. Much later the masters arrived at the scene.

When I woke the next morning I was still shaky, but had recovered somewhat from the terrors of the night before.

The masters said nothing, and none of the boys except the three of us knows that the Ghost of Ashbury really exists.

DAVID TAMBLYN — 7

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

It was the 24th of December, Christmas Eve. The time was about 11:30 p.m. and I was really tired, but the excitement of the next day kept me awake. I lay in bed just waiting for time to pass and listening to the vicious, cold howling of the wind as it tore madly around the house.

My eyes slowly closed and I drifted away as quietly as a snow flake into the realm of sleep.

It seemed only moments later when I was dashing down the stairs to the living room where the Christmas gifts were. My sister and my parents came down and the ceremony of the gift opening began. To my dismay I had only two! The pile in front of my sister seemed enormous. The first present I opened was a ring. This was the least wanted item on my list! Forcing a smile I put the ring on and almost immediately a tingling sensation vibrated through my body. And then I began to shrink. I shrunk until I was four inches high! It was certainly a real surprise to find a magic ring as one of my Christmas presents.

I started to make my way across country through the shag rug. It was like plowing through a field of knee-high grass. My parents were running around horrified, trying to phone doctors, police and the fire department.

My younger sister just sat there and said, "Oh! Look at Tim! Isn't he funny!"

Funny? I thought it was a serious matter to shrink from five feet four inches to four inches. A loss of five feet is abnormal in any child!

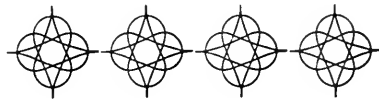
Actually I was having quite a bit of fun until our cat came prowling around the sofa. He spied me instantly. He crunched low and started to stalk his victim — me! With his tail flicking he crept slowly toward me flexing his claws. A murderous gleam was shining in his eyes.

All my little sister could say was, "Oh, Tim! The cat's going to play catch with you!"

I started running as fast as I could, but I kept on tripping on loose threads in the rug. I made a magnificent leap for the chair, but too late! The cat's claws caught my sweater and sent me spinning. I was on my back and I saw a razor-sharp claw shooting toward me when two things happened. First I cried out for help, and secondly, a firm hand caught me by the arm and shook me.

"Come on, Tim. Wake up. Let's have some breakfast and then we'll open the presents."

TIMOTHY WARREN — 8





SKATING ON THE CANAL

February 12th, 1974

D. Keith, M. Viets, J. Mitchell, R. Haslam, V. Righy, J. Daniels, D. Farquhar, Bus Driver Lorne Duberville, C. Panneton, A. Nelson, J. Draper, K. Carter, P. Wright, T. Webb, L. Dunlop.

Photo Peter Breggs
Courtesy Ottawa Citizen



JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: P. V. La Traverse, A. Olachea, N., M. Sutterlin, J. J. Jonkel, D. M. Walls, S. G. Gittens, R. L. Schwarzmann, M. H. E. Sherwood, Esq.
 Front Row: I. D. Kayser, J. S. Abrahamsen, H. A. Blackwood, J. G. Luciani, T. G. Farquhar, Captain, V. C. Rigby, D. A. Welch, A. L. Graham.
 Absent: J. R. G. J. Fogarty.



SECOND SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: L. A. Dunlop, G. R. A. Smith, G. C. Morrison, H. A. V. Cuhaci, C. D. Rhodes, R. J. A. Schoeler, D. A. Farquhar, K. B. Parks, Esq.
 Front Row: D. C. Beedell, P. J. Lahey, R. J. Feldman, A. D. Nelson, T. E. Wilson, R. A. Biewald, I. F. Wilson, M. P. E. Puttick.
 In Front: M. T. Bravo, A. W. G. Sellers, G. W. Gittens, B. T. Baxter.

Junior School Sports

FIRST SOCCER TEAM

The team got off to a disappointing start with a loss to Sedbergh in our first game, but after this we went on to have a good season with only one more defeat by Upper Canada College. Against Lakefield we tied one game and won the other. This was on a weekend trip which was enjoyed by all. On the trip we also played the game against U.C.C. We got our revenge against Sedbergh by winning our return game with them 2-1.

SECOND SOCCER

Game 1 at Ashbury, September 27.

The Second Team opened its season by outscoring Sedbergh 7-1. It was an exciting game for all of us, especially Rhodes who scored three of the goals. The other four were by: Schoeler who scored two, Simon Gittens and Beedell.

Game 2 at Sedbergh, October 9.

In the second game, things were rough, but with a ground shot, Dunlop slipped one past the goalie, to win the game 1-0.

Game 3 at Ashbury, October 15.

In this tightly fought contest we lost to Lakefield by a very slim margin, 3-2. Schoeler and T. Wilson counted for Ashbury in a losing cause.

Game 4 at L.C.C., October 20.

This was a rather disastrous game played under rather unpleasant conditions. We were blanked 3-0.

Game 5 at Ashbury, October 24.

Bravo, our second string goalie, played center and scored his first goal of the season. Dunlop and Beedell also scored to win the game for us 3-1.

Game 6 at Lakefield, November 3.

We were not at our best on this weekend. T. Wilson, Smith, Schoeler and Dunlop were the outstanding players. Lakefield beat us 4-3. Dunlop scored his 3rd and 4th goals of the season, and Beedell his 3rd.

Game 7 at U.C.C., November 4.

Our night's stay in Oshawa must have slowed us down somewhat, as we were hammered 9-2. Dunlop and Schoeler were the Ashbury scorers.

Although the season's record was 3 wins and 4 losses (total goals for, 18; against, 21) we enjoyed the trips and the excitement of the play. I wish to thank Mr. Parks for his encouragement and good coaching.

DAVID BEEDELL



THIRD SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: J. H. Humphreys, Esq., J. S. Clark, L. R. Baxter, P. H. Wright, J. M. Mitchell, D. M. Segall, B. E. Whitney.
 Front Row: I. D. Fletcher, R. M. Shields, W. R. Brown, J. M. Lahey, B. F. Johnston, N. L. Fonay, T. W. Mensforth.
 In Front: S. N. S. Gale, J. G. Lund, P. C. B. Martin.



FOURTH SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: T. C. Tottenham, Esq., M. E. Wayand, M. Romain, M. J. Nesbitt, J. B. Woods.
 Front Row: R. C. L. Habets, R. B. Haslam, R. G. Tamblyn, T. H. Borthwick, I. D. M. Fish, Captain, T. T. Mensforth, A. M. Johnston.
 Absent: J. M. Daniels, H. Tootoo, F. G. Sutcliffe, E. S. Abrahamsen.

THIRD SOCCER

Despite a sadly curtailed season and occasionally inclement conditions, team morale seemed to be always at a high, and everyone tried as hard as he could at all times. The result of this was the rather respectable record of two wins, one loss. Of course, thanks are in order for Mr. Humphreys for being the best coach a team could have. That helped too, as you can see.

Lakefield 0 at Ashbury 3
Ashbury 7 at Lakefield 1
Ashbury 1 at U.C.C. 3
Total goals for: 11
against: 4

It was a great experience for everyone.

ROSS BROWN

THE FOURTH SOCCER TEAM

The Fourth Team had a fine year, winning two and losing one. The scores against Lakefield were 5-0 and 1-1. After the long, tiring trip to Toronto we played U.C.C. and lost 4-1. This was a fine, fast game and well played, with Borthwick getting the lone goal for us. We had superb goal tending, and fine coaching from Mr. Tottenham.

The three stars on the team were Borthwick (leading scorer along with Fish), Habets, with his great play making, and Mensforth, with his fine goal tending.

On behalf of the whole team I would like to give special thanks to Mr. Tottenham.

Overall, it was a great year.

IAN FISH



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: P. V. La Traverse, R. J. Heringer, M. J. H. Nesbitt, T. W. Mensforth, D. W. Squires, C. D. Rhodes, D. C. Beedell, D. A. Farquhar, M. H. E. Sherwood, Esq.

Front Row: J. R. G. J. Fogarty, A. L. Graham, H. A. V. Cuhaci, H. A. Blackwood, T. G. Farquhar, Capt., L. A. Dunlop, G. J. Luciani, R. M. Sutterlin.



THE WINNIPEG TRIP

The Winnipeg Hockey Trip was a great success, mainly because we won.

We were the last group to arrive in Winnipeg getting there late in the night. We were tired when we played Appleby the next morning in the very first game of the tournament. St. John's, the home team played St. George's in the second game. We won our game and then returned to the school to rest up for the two games we had to play the next day. The results of these were a win and a loss, but this kept us in the running and we were in the finals against St. John's. That night the whole team went on a Tally Ho Sleigh Ride.

The big moment finally arrived. Mr. Parks, the coach, said, "You have nothing to save it for. So all out in this one!"

We won. This was the first time that Ashbury had entered the tournament. We were happy to accept our prizes. The people on the team gave it all out for Ashbury.

T. FARQUHAR

THE JUNIOR TEAM VS. AMHERST

When I was picked to play in the Ashbury-Amherst hockey meet I was thrilled. The meet lasted for two days. First came rigorous practice. We learned to check, stick-handle, and how to carry the puck. Everyone learned something he didn't know.

The first game went quickly and the suspense was unbearable. We lost 1-0.

The next game saw us fare little better. We lost that game 2-1. I liked that game a bit more.

Although we lost we had a very enjoyable experience. Next year I think we'll win!

K. CARTER



WINNIPEG CHAMPIONS

Back Row: R. J. A. Schoeler, D. W. Squires, I. F. Wilson, C. I. Lay, H. A. V. Cuhaci, T. W. Mensforth, C. D. Rhodes, B. F. Johnston, K. B. Parks, Esq.

Front Row: J. R. G. J. Fogarty, D. A. Farquhar, G. J. Luciani, T. G. Farquhar, L. A. Dunlop, I. D. M. Fish, R. M. Sutterlin.



THE BANTAMS

Back Row: S. P. Murray, A. D. Nelson, A. W. G. Sellers, J. M. Mierins, K. M. Carter, R. G. Tamblyn, H. Tootoo.

Front Row: P. J. Lahey, M. B. Romain, I. F. Wilson, T. H. Borthwick, I. D. M. Fish, T. T. Mensforth, J. M. Daniels.

Coach: K. B. Parks, Esq.



SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: G. C. Morrison, B. F. Johnston, S. Gittens, J. F. S. Abrahamsen, I. D. Kayser, D. M. Segall, J. M. Lahey, S. P. Murray.
 Middle Row: C. I. Lay, A. J. Aliferis, I. F. Wilson, T. H. Borthwick, I. D. M. Fish, T. T. Mensforth, M. M. Sourial, M. B. Romain.
 Front Row: P. J. Lahey, R. J. A. Schoeler, P. C. B. Martin, R. J. Pilaar.
 Coach: K. B. Parks, Esq.

THE FIRST BASEBALL TEAM

We had quite a good baseball team. We played against L.C.C. twice, and beat them 13-6, and lost the other game. We also played Henry Munro, and slaughtered them 27 to 12. The game ball was made out of rubber and actually bounced right over a five-foot fence. During the year Cuhaci was an outstanding batter with a lot of home runs. We had strong fielding with Tim Farquhar and Harry Blackwood. We had great teamwork and had a very successful season.

M. BRAVO, Manager

SECOND SOFTBALL

This year we had a lot of fun, and many exciting moments. The team was a good one, and individual stars were Borthwick and Habets II.

We got into the Ottawa Grade 5 & 6 Public School Tournament and reached the finals, but lost.

We played six games in all, winning three and losing three.

We give many thanks to Mr. Tottenham, who was a good coach and helped to make the season so much fun.



JUNIOR SOFTBALL TEAM — 1973-1974

Back Row: M. H. E. Sherwood, Esq., C. D. Rhodes, J. S. Abrahamsen, J. R. G. J. Fogarty, M. Sutterlin, L. A. Dunlop, M. T. Bravo.

Front Row: H. A. V. Cuhaci, G. J. Luciani, T. G. Farquhar, Capt., I. D. Kayser, A. L. Graham, G. R. A. Smith.

Absent: D. C. Beedell.



UNDER 12 SOFTBALL TEAM — 1973-1974

Back Row: T. C. Tottenham, Esq., A. W. G. Sellers, P. J. Lahey, C. Leth-Steensen, R. B. Konrad, G. W. Gittens, M. B. Romain, F. G. Sutcliffe, A. M. Johnston.

Front Row: R. B. Haslam, T. T. Mensforth, C. L. Habets, T. H. Borthwick, Capt., I. D. M. Fish, M. J. H. Nesbitt, A. D. Nelson.

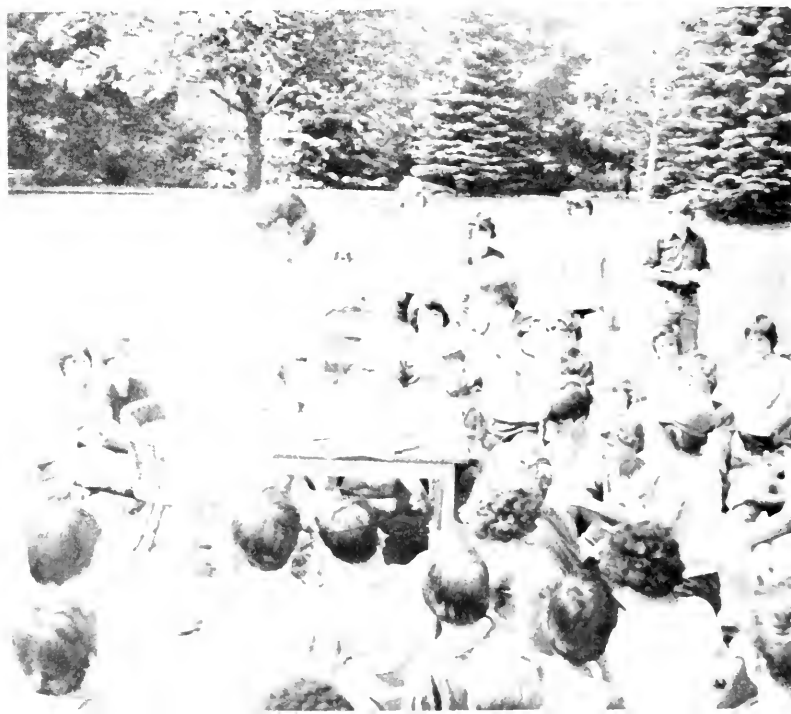
SPORTS DAY

Here are the results of the Sports Day competition. The weather was perfect, and the excitement was high.

Event	Midget	Junior	Senior
100 Metre	1. Daniels 2. Borthwick 3. Assaly II	Cuhaci Wilson IV Graham	Farquhar I Kayser Gittens I
200 Metre	1. Daniels 2. Borthwick 3. Habets II	Cuhaci Wilson IV Biewald	Kayser Farquhar I Jonkel
400 Metre	1. 2. 3.	Schoeler Feldman Fogarty	Wright Schwarzmann Gittens I
800 Metre	1. 2. 3.	Schoeler Feldman Johnston IV	Wright Schwarzmann McMahon
Open Mile	1. 2. 3.		Wright Feldman Johnston IV
High Jump	1. Milne 2. Borthwick 3. Habets II	Abrahamsen Smith Graham	Jonkel Wright Warren
Long Jump	1. Borthwick 2. Habets II 3. Leth-Steensen	Graham Cuhaci Biewald	Kayser Gittens I Segall
Discus	1. Borthwick 2. Carter 3. Sellers	Sutterlin Cuhaci Blackwood	Wright Walls Farquhar I
Javelin	1. Tootoo 2. Sellers 3. Milne	Abrahamsen Sutterlin Tamblyn I	Kayser Mitchell II Gittens I
Shot Put	1. Habets II 2. Mensforth II 3. Sellers	Luciani Cuhaci Baxter II	Kayser Walls Farquhar I
800 Relay	1. 2. 3.	Dragons Goblins Wizards	Wizards Dragons Goblins
1600 Relay	1. 2. 3.	Goblins Wizards Dragons	Wizards Dragons Goblins

Final House standings were: 1st — Wizards (342), 2nd — Dragons (205), 3rd Hobbits (185), 4th Goblins (176).

Individual winners were: Midget — Borthwick (44), Junior — Cuhaci (44), Senior — Kayser & Wright (48).



Form Notes

GRADE 8A

- Jay Abrahamsen.** I'm an alert young fellow from Denmark,
Who found school this year was a lark.
I wish I could stay,
But there's just no way,
For to Denmark I have to embark.
- Mark Andrews.** I am a new boy in 8A,
Who's hopefully headed to 9A.
My friends are the whole class,
And we sat on the grass,
For a cheerful form picture one day.
- Brian Baxter.** I'm really quite smart they all say,
So they gave me a chance in 8A.
But as for my work,
I'm really a jerk,
Since I spend all my class time at play.
- Jonathan Blake.** There is a small boy in our class,
Who constantly acts like an ass.
He once used to board,
But found no accord,
When his efforts were less than a pass.
- David Bond.** Ross Brown stands first in my class,
Near 100%, while alas,
With my feeble brain,
I can barely attain
A mark or two better than pass.
- Ross Brown.** At the top of the class, it is I,
But some people think I'm NOT wise!
They say, with my curls,
I should attract Elmwood girls!
As for me, I'd prefer not to try.
- Simon Gittens.** I'm a swinging cool cat from Barbados,
Who likes work like a bag of potatoes.
But as for the school,
It's lacking one jewel.
Some chicks who don't look like potatoes.
- Tony Graham.** There once was a boy in this school,
Who usually played it quite cool,
But once in a while
He'd be seen with a smile,
As his form master he tried to fool.
- Max Hicks.** Having gained a loud talker named Max,
8A tried to coat him with wax.
Their aim, they believe,
They did then achieve,
Since the talker now sticks to the facts.
- Ian Kayser.** I'm a very strong laddie named Kay,
The genius, I believe, of 8A.
As you see, I'm quite modest,
And sure not the crossiest
Of all of the guys in 8A.



- John Lund.** A bright engineer in 8A
Drew airplanes in class every day.
In art he excelled,
While Latin and math he repelled,
But he'll be a writer some day. (He thinks!)
- Philip MacLaurin.** I'm sure I'm a genius in May,
Though this isn't what all people say.
But I'll not sing this tune,
When exams come in June,
And cause me utter dismay.
- David Meyers.** I'm a shrimpy young toad in 8A,
Who draws war equipment all day.
Though they insist I'm a dunce,
They've been wrong more than once,
After all, I'm really okay.
- Ian Morton.** There was a young boy nicknamed Mort.
The name came from Polk, that old sport.
He came from the dead,
And stayed here instead,
That funny young lad nicknamed Mort.
- Norman Munro.** There once was a young man named Norm,
Who said Ashbury needed reform.
This school is a hell!
With a peculiar smell!
At Ridgemont I may be reborn.
- Michael Puttick.** I like Ashbury a lot. My favourite teachers are Messrs.
Sherwood and Beedell. My best friend is Tony Graham. I
don't like writing limericks, as you can see.
- Robert Shields.** There was a young boy named Shields,
Who loved to run through the fields.
He tripped on a stump,
And got quite a bump,
And now he must wait till it heals.
- David Welch.** I'm a bright little fella named Dave,
Who constantly tries to behave.
Though I came down with the 'flu,
And broke my leg, too,
I'm still a long way from my grave.

Palmer Wright. There once was a tall lad named Wright,
Who felt himself awfully bright.
His marks aren't for show,
Since they're really quite low,
'Cause he plays from the morning till night.

Charles Zwirewich. There's a very odd boy in 8A,
Who is never, never away.
He seldom tells lies,
Has NO hair in his eyes,
His name, though, I really can't say.

Judson Q. Barton, Sr. There's a mystery boy in 8A,
Who chases adventure each day.
Jud Barton's the name,
And he's headed for fame.
What a pity he's often away.

**The Best Form Master
in the School.** There was a dashing young master named Sherwood,
When asked to play golf would say "Sure would!"
He took up his clubs,
And then toured the pubs.
All in a day for that Sherwood!



GRADE 8

Aik Aliferis. Feris is a Grecian who is always complimenting himself. He is also a Datsun lover. His best subject is math, and his worst subject is girls. His best friend is Mitchell, and his best sport is the 2½ mile run which he does in a splendid forty minutes.

Douglas Assaly. This is Assaly's first year at Ashbury. He is a very quiet person in the class. He is 13 years old. His best subject is math and his worst is history. His best friend is Bustos and his favorite teachers are Mr. Humphreys and Mr. Beedell.

Harry Blackwood. Harry is a high strung person with few worries. He goes over to Elmwood a lot. He worked hard in class and was also a good athlete and a good monitor. He takes life very seriously.

Donald Bradley. There was a cheerful young fellow named Brad,
Who started a new kind of fad.
When Mrs. Boyce said it was a no-no,
That he should play with a yo-yo,
He all of a sudden got mad.

Paul Bustos. Bustos has been at Ashbury for half a year. His best friend is Assaly. He hates math, but he likes science. His favourite teachers are Mr. Polk and Mr. Cann. His worst teacher is unmentionable.

Tim Farquhar. Tim Farquhar is the head monitor of the School. He's a pretty generous guy, and he's a great sportsman. His nickname is Molor Man because he molors so many people. But he's a good guy to go to when you have a problem.

Ian Fletcher. Ian is commonly known as El Perico. He may be small, but watch out. With his bony knuckles he could easily have taken the molar joe award of the year had he wanted it. His worst subject is grammar. His best friend is Ron Schwarzmenn whom he plays commando with.

Justin Fogarty. This is Fogelberry's first year. He is 13 years old and his best subject is grammar. His worst is history. He is a very talkative person. His favourite teacher is Mr. Sherwood. He doesn't have any special friends, and he likes girls.

Richard Heringer. — Nickname "Biffer"
— Part time ballet fancier
— Good marks in school
— Good in sports
— Likes to bother Fletcher
— Hopes to come back next year.

James Jonkel. He fitted in very well this year. He was good in sports, and was pretty smart. He loves the wilderness and on trips he pointed lots of things to us and told us how to survive. He had many friends here, but he is leaving this school to go to Montana.

Campbell Keith. Keith was a good member of the class. He asked a lot of questions but he didn't always listen to the answers. He's interested in a lot of things like stamps and coins. He was smart in school and usually did his work.

Shawn Lavery. "Big Red" has always cheered up the class with his pleasant attitude. He received an M.L.T.S. which he worked hard to get. One of his famous quotes is, "Don't believe everything you read". He is a popular guy.

Philip McMahon. McMahon is quite worried about not being strong. Every night he works for an hour on the weights, runs a mile. His best friend is Brent Mitchell. The two of them make quite a couple. He came into the class during the year and fitted in very well.

Brent Mitchell. This is Brent's fourth year at Ashbury. He is good in sports and has a lot of friends. He does fair work in school. He is really a nice guy in every way.

Bob Murray. Murray has had a fairly good year. He is very quiet, but is a very nice guy. He has a good sense of humour and sometimes he makes us laugh. His worst subject is history.

David O'Dell. David is one of the friendly types who likes to mix with older guys and girls. He is a great procrastinator and simply "digs" his school work. His best subject is science and his favourite teacher is Mr. Cann. This has been his first year and we are all looking forward to his return next year.

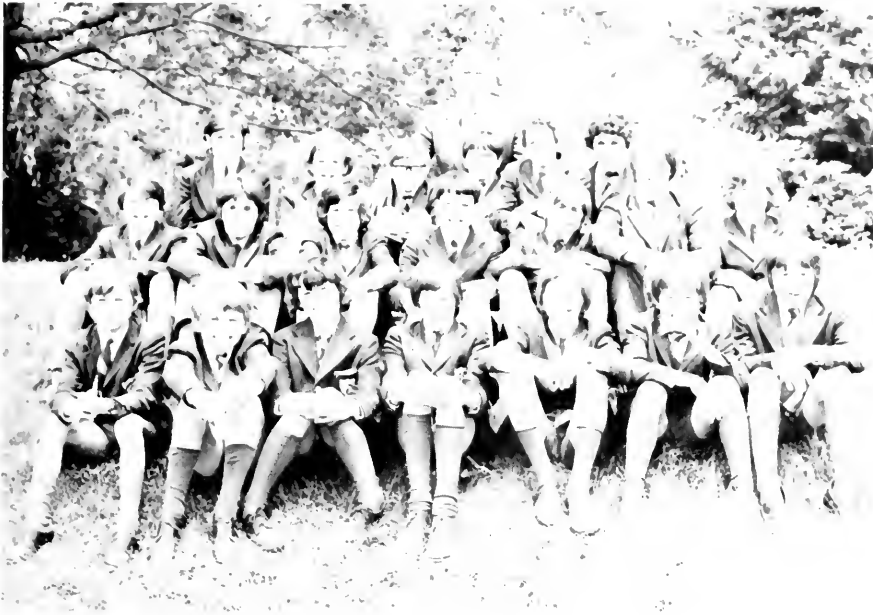
Ron Schwarzmenn. This is Ronny's first year at Ashbury and he's liked it very much. He's a boarder and still finds his way to Elmwood. In his spare time he likes to be a dare devil commando, but everybody likes him because he's such a nice guy and he can make his toes dance.

David Walls. Wally has a bit of a problem with spelling. He has a lot of fun at Elmwood. He is big (most of it muscle). His writing is fair, and the big giveaway, he is a fair monitor. His best friends are Zimm and Murray.

Tim Warren. This is his fourth year at Ashbury. His hobbies are fishing and stamp collecting. Tim is very good in gymnastics. In class he is very quiet but very smart. His favourite subjects are science and literature.

Stephen Watson. (by himself) My best friends are Jonkel, Farquhar, Schwarzmenn and Blackwood. My favourite teachers are Mr. Beedell, Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Humphreys. My favourite subjects are math, French and literature. I will probably leave Ashbury after Grade 9.

John Zimmermann. Zimmers is a good party organizer. Two weeks before the end of school he had a party for a boy named Jonkel. His worst subject is math. Lots of guys don't like math. This is his second year at Ashbury and I think he is returning next year. I hope he does at least.



GRADE 7A

David Adjeleian. There once was a fellow named Dave,
Who considered himself very brave.
But when it came to the tests,
He did not do his best,
And did not leave the rest in the shade.

Ross Baxter. This is my second year at Ashbury and I enjoyed it. I didn't get an M.L.T.S. this year, but I hope I will next year. I like the sports here, and I like the teachers too.

David Beedell. This is my third year at Ashbury. I enjoyed it thoroughly, although I didn't do as well as last year in academics and sports. I got an M.L.T.S. and hope to come back next year.

Michael Bravo. This is my first year at Ashbury. I like the school because of the staff and the sports programme. We have about 1½ hours of sports a day. My favourite subjects are English and Latin.

Hayg Cuhaci. This was my third year at Ashbury and I enjoyed it very much. My biggest thrill was when we went to a hockey tournament in Winnipeg and won. I was also pleased to win the most points in the track meet. I had a good sports year but a poor academic year. I have many good friends at Ashbury and I like the teachers.

Floris Faber. This year has been very good, but it was a bit harder than last year. My best friend is Nanno Habets, and my favourite teachers are Mr. Polk and Mr. Babbitt.

Julian Feldman. I have enjoyed this year (my third) very much. I was on the second soccer team, the running team, and got three ribbons in the track meet. I will be coming back next year.

Mark Ferguson. This was my first year at Ashbury and it was quite successful. I received an M.L.T.S. Ashbury is a good school, but it is a really better school because of the people. The teachers are the best I have ever known. The sports program offers good variety. Competition, both academically and athletically is fierce producing a high standard of ability.

Nicholas Fonay. Mr. Polk calls him "telephone." Nick can speak a lot of languages including Hungarian. He likes Martin and Beedell and others. He is smart in class and always has a smile on his face.

Nanno Habets. This year was so far the best I have had, but I can't wait for the summer vacation. Although I did not get an M.L.T.S., I think I learned something.

John Ingold. This is my second year at Ashbury. I am coming back here next year. I have a lot of friends. I like Ashbury's sports program and its tests. We have exams twice a year, at Christmas and in June.

Paul Kadziora. This was my best year at Ashbury even though I didn't make any teams, but I did get an M.L.T.S. This year the school was rebuilt and now the classes can stay in their own rooms. I have many friends here and I am glad that I am returning next year.

Jim Lahey. Hi! This is my first year at Ashbury. I am in 7A and I enjoyed my year. I have made quite a few friends, Martin and Rhodes just to name a couple. I didn't get an M.L.T.S. or any recs. I would recommend Ashbury to any boy academically and physically. My favourite teachers are Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Beedell, Mr. Polk (personally I think most everyone likes Mr. Polk), and others.

Gordon Maclaren. This is my third year at Ashbury and in many ways my best. I received an M.L.T.S. I like the academic programme which makes you feel that you must study more because of the atmosphere that the teachers build up. I also like the sports programme in which you are instructed in the basic rules, you are given tips, and you get experience in almost every popular North American sport. I hope I come back next year.

Peter Martin. This was my third year at Ashbury and I enjoyed it very much. Most of the teachers here are nice. I have lots of friends, and will be returning next year.

Thomas Mensforth. This is my second year at Ashbury. I made the Winnipeg team and the First Hockey Team. I had a pretty good year. My friends are Bax, Cooch, T-Man, Ingold, Rigby, Rhodes, Beedell and Lahey. My favourite teacher is Mr. Babbitt. I will be back next year.

Lauchlan Munro. This was my first year here and I enjoyed it very much. I got an M.L.T.S. and I like the sports program a lot. My favourite sports are soccer and hockey. I hope that next year will be as good as this one has been.

James Puttick. This is my second year at Ashbury and I have really enjoyed it. I especially enjoyed the sports that we have, particularly soccer. During the summer a new section was built on the school which made Ashbury a lot nicer than before. Two new common rooms were built—one of them was for the seniors and one for the juniors.

Chris Rhodes. I liked the year a lot, even better than last year. I made every first team except the soccer team. I went to Winnipeg with the hockey team and enjoyed it very much. I have lots of friends and like most of the teachers. I hope to get an M.L.T.S. next year, but I probably won't. I hope I like next year even better than this year!

Vincent Rigby. Going to Ashbury has been a great pleasure for me. All the teachers are exceedingly nice and help me with all my problems. I received an M.L.T.S. this year for the first time. I like all my class and enjoy the games program. I hope next year will be just as enjoyable.

Tim Wilson. This was my third year at Ashbury but not my best. I hope to come back next year and do better in sports as well as in school.



GRADE 7K

Bob Biewald. Bob is a very likeable guy. One of his worst points is that he is constantly punching me. One of his better points is that . . . um, well . . . Bobby is a specialist at arguing with a teacher. Mind you, he doesn't get anywhere.

Bach Bui. Boo Boo is a very quiet and very high tempered guy. He enjoys sports, especially baseball, but can never get the ball past the pitcher. He does not enjoy doing school work and likes to sleep in class. Bach is a boarder and is always looking for excitement with all the guys.

Mike Davies. This is his first year at Ashbury. He is doing very well in his schooling and very well in sports. He is a humorous guy, but he also knows the right time to be serious and the right time to joke around.

Jamie Fraser. He had a good first year at Ashbury. He is quiet in class and always likes to help people. He is a good guy.

Simon Gale. This is my first year at Ashbury and I like it very much. The school has an excellent sports program, and the coaches help those who are not so good at sports to become better. Overall I like the school and hope to come back next year.

Peter Griffiths. This is my first year at Ashbury and I have enjoyed it very much. My friends call me "goofus". I like sports very much and enjoy the classes. I hope to be back next year.

John King. Queen is a good guy. He has a good sense of humour. This is Queen's first year here. He has a good average. He likes to play ping-pong, especially when he wins. He likes the sports and is coming back next year.

Pierre La Traverse. Pierre is a great guy. This year he attempted two things. First, to be the top of the class, and Second, to lose 16 pounds. He accomplished both. He is good at all sports and is liked by his classmates. He also received an M.L.T.S. He hopes to come back next year.

David McClenahan. David (alias McClenabug) is a kind-hearted fellow. This year wasn't too bad for him because although he missed a rec. by one mark, he still received some golds on the Colour Board. David is also known for his extraordinary voice. Through the course of the year he has won many merits in the field of music. David also enjoys the company of his teachers and fellow students and likes to get involved.

Campbell Morrison. Campbell, better known as Morry, is a great guy who got a rec in math and grammar. He's not coming back next year, which is too bad, but he had a great one year at Ashbury.

Ian Nicol. This is his first year at Ashbury. His friends are most of 7K. His favourite subject is literature and his favourite teacher is Mr. Babbitt. He is a pretty friendly person. Although he keeps to himself, he sure knows how to yell!

Agustin Olachea. His nickname is Olachick. He came from Mexico, but is doing very well in class here. He made the first soccer team. He has a girl friend in Mexico and he thinks that the girls in Canada are all dogs, but I found out that he is in love with my sister. The only thing that I don't like about him is that he puts too much perfume on.

Andre Poirier. This is my first year at Ashbury and I feel that it was an unsuccessful year. My average was 54 and my best friend is Floris Faber. My favourite teachers are Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Cann and Mr. Humphreys.

George Smith. This is my first year at Ashbury. I enjoyed the year very much, although I missed an M.L.T.S. I hope to get one next year when I return. I made the first team in softball and the second team in soccer.

Douglas Squires. Doug's nickname in our class is square. He is doing very well in school and also in sports. He is the biggest yo-yo addict now that the yo-yo season is here, but sometimes he is a nuisance. Generally he is a nice guy.

Mike Sutterlin. Sutterleen is a tough guy. This is his first year at Ashbury and he would hope that it is his last one. He made the three first teams, and everybody thinks that he is good, but I don't! He likes wine, cigars and girls, and he hates studying. I don't really mean this because he is a good friend of me, Agustin Olachea.

David Tamblyn. David is the worst friend I've ever had. He accomplished two things. One, being a "strike out king" (in baseball), the second thing was getting through the school year. He runs like a "Bugs Bunny". His feet are hairy canary and you could make a fur coat out of them. David is also a sail freak. His good friend Bach Bui has written this.

Philip Van Leeuwen. I am writing a little story about a boy named Philip. He is the kind that will peel an orange in front of a teacher and then spray the juice all over people. He doesn't work very hard but he seems to have a good time at school.

Brian Whitney. Brian is a friendly guy. He doesn't get very high marks, but he tries a bit, I guess. He had a happy year and we hope he'll be back again next year.

GRADE 7L

Roy Bland. This is my second year at Ashbury and I am not coming back because I am moving to Homesville. In my two years I have learned a lot and made a lot of friends. My favourite sport is hockey and my favourite subject is math.

Alexander Bystram. I have been going to Ashbury for three years. For two of those years I was a boarder because my home was in Montreal. I have made many friends since I came to this school. I hope to try out another school next year.

John Clark. It was too bad there was no trip this year, but since the Third Soccer Team went to U.C.C., that took its place. All in all I have had a good year.

Laird Dunlop. This year was good. I made almost all the teams and I liked all of them. I was on the Winnipeg Team and I played well (for me). On my line I played with Chris Rhodes and Tom Mensforth. The teams are harder to make now because of the number of people in the school. My average this year was the best in three years.

Ken Ellacott. I really enjoyed this year at Ashbury, and I hope I will be allowed to return next year. The art class was very good. My favourite hobby is making and building models. All of the staff are very enjoyable.

David Farquhar. This year was a good one. In December we went to Winnipeg and we won a hockey tournament there. My brother scored thirteen goals (13, bad luck, ha! ha!). Toward the end of the year we had a dance. This was my first one because you have to be in Grade 7 or 8 to attend the dances. The dance wasn't a flop as I thought it would be. At first no one was dancing, but soon we were rocking around.



Barry Johnston. This is my second year at Ashbury and it might be my last. There were not too many events this year, but Ashbury Day made up for missing Grub Day. We went to play a hockey tournament in Winnipeg and we won the championship. I have made many friends at Ashbury and I hope to come back next year.

Charles Lay. I had a good year. I made two hockey teams and I didn't get any Saturday detentions. I think our class improved toward the end of the year. The food has improved this year. This year I had fun and made a lot of friends. Over all, I think I had a good year.

Gordie Luciani. Hello! This is my fourth year at Ashbury and my name is Gordon Luciani. My favourite subjects are math, French and grammar. I like all of the teachers. The sports are very good at Ashbury. My favourite ones are hockey and baseball. I think this is my last year at Ashbury.

Fergus Maclaren. I liked the school better this year than last year. I also liked all the teachers and I think the guys are great. Next year I plan on getting an M.L.T.S. and rivalling my cousin who already has two.

Kelly Mahoney. This is my third year at Ashbury. My brother is in the Senior School. He played in the group for our school dance and for the barbecue. My hobbies are water-skiing, snowmobiling and playing the bass guitar. My mom is the vice president of the Ladies' Guild and they are giving her a lot of work.

Jeff Mitchell, Esq. This is my third year here at Ashbury, and I think it was the best. I was made the Captain of the Third Soccer Team by Mr. Humphreys. What I looked forward to the most was the soccer trip to Lakefield and U.C.C. We enjoyed Uncle Ben for library. I got 49 out of 50 in spelling this year. My favourite sports are baseball, in which I get some home runs, and soccer in which I play defence.

Joe Pilaar. I came to Ashbury from India. Since I have been here I think it is a good school. The thing I like about Ashbury is that it has a high academic standard, but I don't like the uniform that we have.

Bob Schoeler. I had a very good year. I made almost all of the teams. I was selected as one of the group to go to Winnipeg and was on a line with Iain Wilson and Barry Johnston. I made the running team and my best time was 15:33. We had a new Form Mistress during the middle of the year.

Danny Segall. This is my second year at Ashbury and I have enjoyed every minute of it. I am planning to come back next year. I like all the teachers.

Mike Sourial. This is my third year at Ashbury and I have enjoyed it for the third time. We did not have a school trip, but we had a very pleasant dance with the Elmwood girls. I am in Grade 7 and I was pleased to finish 2nd in the Public Speaking Competition. I made the 2nd Hockey Team. I got a recommendation in literature and French. The food was excellent. I have some very good pals and hope to see them all when I return next year.

Mark Viets. This is my third year at Ashbury. I like it. I am coming back next year. The thing I liked most about the school this year was the class. Some things I didn't like was the stealing, and some classes getting too big. My average has gone up. I would like to do better in sports than I am doing now.

Iain Wilson. This is my third year at Ashbury. I've liked it. It was fun. I went to Winnipeg to play hockey and we won the championship. I made the Amherst Hockey Team, but we lost 1-0 and 2-1. I also made the second soccer team. The sports here are great. There was no school trip which disappointed me. I like most of the teachers. At the end of the year we had a dance which was a lot of fun. I was the best poetry reader in our class. My favourite sports are hockey and soccer. I made the choir.

GRADE 6

Stephen Assaly. Hi! This is my first year at Ashbury. I like it so much that I am coming back next year. I like the teachers very much. They give me more understanding than at public school. I'm looking forward to the summer holidays.

Timothy Borthwick. This is my second year at Ashbury. I got two recs in math and history. I was the winner at the Sports Day in my category with two firsts and three seconds. I'm in the chess finals against Puttick in Grade 8A. Good-bye.

Francisco Durazo. This is my second year at Ashbury College. I came from Mexico and I love the school. Next year I will be coming back. My favourite hobby is motor cycling. I like all the teachers at school and I think that this school is one of the best I ever came to.

Ian Fish. I think Ashbury is the best school. The sports are excellent. The best thing about this school is the activities. I went to Winnipeg and we won the tournament. I was in the Choir. This was a big success because you get a lot of house points. This year was great academically even though I did not get an M.L.T.S. I will be returning next year. My ambition is to be a surgeon.

Garth Gittens. This is my first year at Ashbury. I think the sports program was very good. I made the Second Soccer Team and the Second Baseball Team. Our sports teacher is very good, but he is leaving the school.

Ronny Habets. I am 11 years old. This is my second year at Ashbury. I liked the sports program this year. My best subject is math. It is lots of fun here.

Raymond Haslam. Hi! My name is Raymond. I like sports a lot. I plan to be a heart surgeon. I made the second baseball team playing first base. I also like cross country running. This is my second year here and I like it a lot.

Andrew Johnston. This is my second year at Ashbury. I like the school because the sports are better than in my old school where we played in a cow field. This year I was in the Choir, the fourth soccer team and manager of the second baseball team. I also got an M.L.T.S.

Patrick Lahay. Hello! This is my first year at Ashbury and I would recommend it to any person. I made the second soccer team, the second hockey team and the second baseball team. I didn't get an M.L.T.S. or any recommendations but it was still fun. (The exams were yeach!)

Craig Leth-Steensen. Ashbury is fun especially when you have an M.L.T.S. and don't have to write any final exams. The food is good. I think the games program is fun because it's very different than it was in my other school.



Grant McIntosh. I am 12. The reason I like Ashbury is that the sports program is nice. In it we play soccer, hockey and baseball. Another reason is that the teachers help you with their subjects after school on some nights. The lunches are very good.

Toby Mensforth. Hi! This is my second year at Ashbury. I like it here because of the sports program, especially in hockey. I hope to return next year and to get an M.L.T.S. for the first time.

Garth Milne. This is my first year at Ashbury. They have great sports here, and I think you would like them. I am in Grade 6 this year. My ambition is to be an architect when I grow up.

Alan Nelson. Hi! This was a great year. My favourite subject is French. I made the softball team. I found out that I really do like math once I started to think about it. My best hobby is throwing the javelin.

Michael Nesbitt. This was my first year at Ashbury and I really enjoyed it. I made a lot of new friends and hope to come back next year.

Claude Panneton. This is my second year here at Ashbury. I made the Choir and I think that is an honour because I like to sing and I had a choir party with all my friends. I live in Hull and I am a boarder. I hope that whoever is reading this will enjoy Ashbury as much as I do.

Michael Romain. Hello! This is my second year at Ashbury. I like it much more this year and I am doing much better in the sports program. This year I got a recommendation in math, but the part I like best at Ashbury is the barbecue which is two days from now. My favourite sport is softball.

Gordon Sellers. This is my first year at Ashbury and I like it a lot. You sure do a lot of work but the sports program makes up for that. I made the second soccer team, the Amherst team and the second baseball team. I'm coming back next year.

Gray Sutcliffe. I will be coming back next year because this is one of the best schools in Ottawa. I like to collect A.F.X. racing car sets, and I have other hobbies too. Ashbury has lots of sports to offer like soccer, hockey, baseball and track and field.

Marty Wayand. This is my first year at Ashbury. Except for the essays we have to write, most things are good. I like baseball because I go on the pick-up team which is more fun than the Goblin team. I would like to be a boarder because the hour long bus ride is a waste of time.

Timothy Webb. This is my first year at Ashbury, and I got an M.L.T.S. I like almost everybody but especially Claude Panneton, Stephen Assaly, Ross Brown and Mr. Babbitt. I hope to return next year because I enjoy Ashbury very much. I live in Blackburn Hamlet.

Stephen Welch. This is my second year at Ashbury. My favourite teachers are Mr. Beedell, Mr. Babbitt and Mrs. Babbitt. My favourite and nice friends are Beedell III and Gordon Sellers. I like Ashbury because it is a very nice place. The teachers are very nice.

Jamie Woods. I enjoy Ashbury College very much because I like all the teachers and the sports are very good. One of the best things is you get reasonably long holidays. I am coming back next year.

Peter Wyspianski. Hello! This is my second year at Ashbury and I hope to come back again. I like it very much because it has well organized classes which do not bore you, and a sports program which deals with almost every sport.



GRADE 5

Hung Bui. Hi! My name is Hung but almost everybody calls me Boo-Boo. I am 10 years old. I like every subject. My best friends are Tamblyn, Mierins and Daniels.

Dean Campbell. Hi! I am Dean Campbell. This is my first year at Ashbury. The food is good and so are the teachers. My best friends are Jonathan Daniels and Jeff Mierins.

Kurt Carter. Hi! I am Kurt Carter. I like sports, mainly softball and baseball. My favourite teachers are Mr. Tottenham, Mr. Humphreys and Mr. Polk. My best friends are Tamblyn, Bui, Keith, Kriegler and Wilson.

Alain Conway-James. Hi! This is my first year at Ashbury. I am nine years old, the youngest in the Junior School. My favourite sport is football. My favourite teachers are Mr. Tottenham, Mr. Polk, Mr. & Mrs. Babbitt. My two best friends are Hung Bui and Robert Tamblyn.

Jonathan Daniels. This is my first year at Ashbury. I hope to return next year. My nickname is Peewee. I like soccer. My favourite subject is history.

John Draper. Hi! My name is John Draper. This is my first year at Ashbury. My favourite teachers are all of them. I like sports and the other subjects. My friends are everybody in the class.

Kevin Hunt. Hi! So far, Ashbury has been great. My favourite subjects are history (Mr. Tottenham) and geography (Mr. Cann). One of my favourite teachers is Mr. Cann, but the others are good too. I am looking forward to next year.

David Keith. Hello! This is my first year at Ashbury. The food is good. I don't like games or music. I like gym.

Ricky Konrad. Hi! I like math, but the food at Ashbury is very good. My favourite sport is soccer. I also like baseball. I am the sixth tallest boy in the Junior School. My best friend is Hung Bui, and my second best is Farquhar. My favourite teachers are Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Tottenham.

Andrew Kriegler. Hi! This is my first year at Ashbury. My favourite subjects are math and history. I hate detentions and I don't like the food. My favourite teacher is Mr. Tottenham. My best friends are Hung Bui and Dean Campbell.

Jeff Mierins. Hi! This is your friendly Grade Fiver, Jeff Mierins. I have an M.L.T.S. I have some really good friends. Just to name a few, Daniels, Tamblyn, Campbell, Murray, Hunt, Keith, Bui (Boo Boo), Ricky Konrad, Too Too, Draper. We have a really good selection of sport, but I like the M.L.T.S. best.

Sean Murray. Ciao! This is my first year at Ashbury. I like all the teachers . . . sometimes! It is a good school. My favourite subject is literature and I hate math. P.S. I will be in Grade 6 next year.

Robert Tamblyn. Hi! This is my first year at Ashbury. I'm ten years old and I am the third smallest in the school. My best friends are Bui, Mierins and Daniels. I like every teacher and subject because I got an M.L.T.S. My best sports are soccer and baseball. My favourite teachers are Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Tottenham.

Hunter Too Too. Hi! Everybody calls me Toot because my last name is Too Too. My best subject is math. My best teacher is Mrs. Babbitt. My worst subject is French. My best friend is Ralph Babbitt, although he is no longer here; he works at a store. My favourite sport is murdering seniors in grades 9-10-11-12-13.

Hugh Wilson. Hi! I am Hugh Wilson and my best teachers are all of them. My best friends are Sean Murray and Too Too and Peewee and Keith and Hugh.



SCHOOL REGISTER 1973/74

Ablack, David Lennox	1468 Randall Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 7R7.
Abrahamsen I, Jorgen Sven	Hestegangen 20, 2800 Lyngby, Denmark.
Abrahamsen II, Edward Scott	Hestegangen 20, 2800 Lyngby, Denmark.
Adjeleian, David John	1495 Prince of Wales Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K2C 1N8.
Aliferis I, Peter	8 Wolmsley Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K2G 1J4.
Aliferis II, John	8 Wolmsley Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K2G 1J4.
Ambery, Jeffrey Dewar	113 Marica Drive, Oshawa, Ontario. L1G 3G9.
Anapolsky, Gerry	112 Finchley Road, Hampstead, Montreal, P.Q. H3X 3A2.
Andrews, Mark Andrew David	240 Brittany Drive, Apt. #205, Ottawa, Ontario. K1K 0R7.
Assaly I, R. Douglas	301 Faircrest Road, Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 5E2.
Assaly II, Stephen Charles	290 Faircrest Road, Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 5E3.
Bates, Christopher Robert	717 Hemlock Road, Manor Park, Ottawa, Ontario. K1K 0K7.
Baxter I, Brian Thomas	120 Buena Vista Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 0V5.
Baxter II, L. Ross	58 Rebecca Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K1J 6B9.
Beedell I, Michael John	R.R. #1, Sarsfield, Ontario. K0A 3E0.
Beedell II, Jeffrey William	R.R. #1, Sarsfield, Ontario. K0A 3E0.
Beedell III, David Charles	R.R. #1, Sarsfield, Ontario. K0A 3E0.
Beesack, John David	4 Greenwich Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K2E 5E6.
Bejkosalaj, Besnick	2390 Georgina Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K2B 7M7.
Bélanger, François	529 rue Lachapelle, Hemmingford, P.Q. J0L 1H0.
Bell, Eenoo	R.R. #1, Carlsbad Springs, Ontario. K0A 1K0.
Benedict, Benjamin Franklin	P.O. Box #182, Cornwall, Ontario. K6H 5S7.
Benfell, Leonard H. III	2220 Halifax Drive, Apt. #311, Ottawa, Ontario. K1G 2W7.
Bidner, Brady	Mountain Road, Lucerne, P.Q.
Biewald I, John Felix	207 Crocus Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 6E7.
Biewald II, Robert Andrew	207 Crocus Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 6E7.
Blackwood, Harry Andrew	110 Stanley Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 1N9.
Blair, Peter Douglas	Moose Creek, Ontario. K0C 1W0.
Blake, Jonathan James Moffat	Apt. #514, "The Watergate", 211 Wurtemburg Street, Ottawa, Ontario. K1N 8R4.
Bland, Roy Gordon	60 Moorcroft Road, Ottawa, Ontario. K2G 0M7.
Bleackley, Ian Kerr	57 - 10th Street, Roxboro, P.Q. H8Y 1K1.
Bond, David Jameson	Silver Maple, Box #189, South Mountain, Ontario. K0E 1W0.
Bonneau, Michel	Saint-Simon (Bagot), P.Q. J0H 1Y0.
Borthwick, Timothy Hugh	605 Edison Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K2A 1V6.
Boucher, Claude	Mayburry Drive S., R.R. #2, Hull, P.Q. J8X 3X4.
Bradley, Donald Cameron	39 Lismer Crescent, P.O. Box #1105, Kanata, Ontario. K0A 2C0.
Bravo, Michael Trevor	11 Rockfield Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K2E 5L6.
Brearton, Nicholas	24 Elmdale Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 1A2.
Breen, David Hart	19 Larchwood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1Y 2E3.
Brookes, Adrian Martin	707 Bathgate Drive, Unit 292, Ottawa, Ontario. K1K 3Y2.
Brown I, Robert Campbell	9316 Tovito Drive, Fairfax, Va. 22030, U.S.A.
Brown II, Norman A.	9316 Tovito Drive, Fairfax, Va. 22030, U.S.A.
Brown III, Andrew George	285 Mariposa Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 0T4.
Brown IV, William Ross	18 Davidson Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K1J 6L8.
Bui Dinh I, Bach	6145 Avenue de Vimy, Montreal, P.Q. H3S 2R2.
Bui Tuong II, Hung	6145 Avenue de Vimy, Montreal, P.Q. H3S 2R2.
Bull, Adam John	520 Minto Place, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa Ontario. K1M 0A8.
Burke-Robertson, David Ian William	Marchmont, Dunrobin P.O., Ontario. K0A 1T0.
Bustos, Paul Luis	Apt. #1003, 2625 Regina Street, Ottawa, Ontario. K2B 5W8.

Byford, Colin William
 Bystram, Alexander Stephen
 Cahn, Edward Walter
 Campbell I, John Paul
 Campbell II, Leslie James Dean
 Carlson, David Faler

 Carter, Kurt Manfred
 Charron, Louis
 Chatel, Jules
 Cheng, Tang Ngok Daniel

 Childers, Richard Spencer
 Chodikoff, Glenn Barry

 Christie I, Hugh Alexander
 Christie II, Andrew Borden

 Clark I, Douglas K.

 Clark II, Graeme Christie

 Clark III, John Sheldon

 Conway, Adrian Janis Evans

 Conway-James, Alain Dill
 Copestake, Peter Goodall
 Craig, William Fraser
 Croal, Peter Sean Taylor
 Cuhaci, Hayg A. V.
 Cuzner, Donald Guy
 Daniels, Jonathan Mark

 Davies, Michael Wallace
 DeBow, Gregory Edward

 Deepan, Paul Dhananjaya
 Desmarais, Luc

 Draper, John Milton
 Drouin, Peter Pierre Michel
 Duarte Goncalves da Rocha, Antonio

 Dunlop, Laird Andrew

 Durazo Garza, Francisco

 Ellacott, Kenneth David
 Elmslie, John Kerr
 Evans, Michael Dennis Constable

 Faber I, Gijsberth Willem
 Herman Christiaan
 Faber II, Floris Johan
 Anthony Thornee
 Farquhar I, Paul Anderson

 Farquhar II, Timothy Gordon

 Farquhar III, David Andrew

 Feldman, Rolf Julian Gustav
 Ferguson, Mark Geoffrey

 37 Acacia Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 0P3.
 203 Glebe Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1S 2C6.
 6825 La Salle Blvd., Montreal, P.Q. H4H 1R3.
 1229 Ridout Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K2C 2X9.
 12 Piazza Court, Ottawa, Ontario. K2H 7W1.
 c/o NATO Defense College, Viale Della Civil-
 ta'del Lavoro, 38 - 00144 Roma, Italy.
 122 First Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1S 2G4.
 163 Thomas Street, Gatineau, P.Q. J8P 4S7.
 9 Terrasse Louise, Valleyfield, P.Q. J6T 4P2.
 7-9 Sau Chuk Yuen Road, Flat No. 2A, Kowloon,
 Hong Kong.
 232 Remic Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1Z 5W5.
 3868 Revelstoke Drive, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K1V 7C4.
 2250D Halifax Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K1G 2W6.
 660 Windermere Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K2A 2W8.
 331 Cote St. Antoine Street, Westmount, Montreal,
 P.Q. H3Y 2J5.
 393 Maple Lane, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario. K1M 1H7.
 39 Buena Vista Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario. K1M 0V4
 757 Acacia Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario. K1M 0M9.
 4507 Roquebrunne, St. Leonard, Montreal, P.Q.
 60 Placel Road, Ottawa, Ontario. K1L 5C1.
 39 Mohawk Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K2H 7G7.
 1239 Evans Blvd., Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 7T7.
 7 Mason Terrace, Ottawa, Ontario. K1S 0K8.
 Kingsmere, P.Q. J0X 2N0.
 1317 Fontenay Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K1V 7K5.
 24 Arundel Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1K 0B6.
 Apt. #110, 2951 Riverside Drive, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K1V 8W6.
 226 Sydney Street, Cornwall, Ontario. K6H 3H4.
 3875 Ramezay Avenue, Town of Mount Royal,
 Montreal, P.Q. H3Y 3K2.
 2196A Elmira Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K2C 1H5.
 579 David Street, Buckingham, P.Q. J8L 2A8.
 c/o Embassy of Brazil, 450 Wilbrod Street,
 Ottawa, Ontario. K1N 6M8.
 20 Lakeway Drive, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario. K1L 5B1.
 Kilometro 23-1/2, Antigua Carretera de Mexico,
 Cuernavaca.
 Box 356, R.R. #2, Ottawa, Ontario. K2C 3H1.
 2895 Stillmeadow, Windsor, Ontario. N8R 1M9.
 781 Hemlock Road, Manor Park, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K1K 0K6.
 221 Springfield Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario. K1M 0L1.
 221 Springfield Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario. K1M 0L1.
 403 Wood Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario. K1M 1J8.
 403 Wood Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario. K1M 1J8.
 403 Wood Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario. K1M 1J8.
 34 Delong Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K1J 7E6.
 525 St. Laurent Blvd., No. 14, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K1K 2Z9.

Finnie, Blake Malcolm
 Fish, Ian David Murray
 Fletcher, Ian de Monceau

 Fogarty, Justin R.
 Fonay, Nicholas Lawrence
 Fonseca Venegas, Francisco Paco
 Forester, John Alexander

 Fraser I, Kevin Roderick James

 Fraser II, James Drummond
 Friesen, Christopher Paul
 Fuller, William Norman

 Gale, Simon Nicholas Scott
 Gall, Frederick

 Gittens I, Simon
 Gittens II, Garth
 Godsell, David Kenneth
 Graham, Anthony Lucas

 Grahovac, Stephen Zvonimir

 Grant, Philip Allen

 Gray, Stewart Alexander
 Green, David E. C.
 Griffiths, Peter Michael

 Habets I, Ferdinand Stephanus
 Habets II, Cornelis Ludovicus
 Hambleton, Ricardo
 Harris, John Steven

 Harwood, Richard William
 Haslam, Raymond

 Heaton, Anthony Jonathan

 Heringer, Richard
 Hicks, Bruce
 Higgins, Ian Sanderson
 Howe, Gordon William

 Hui, Siu Pang Oliver

 Hunt, Kevin Nicholas James
 Ingold I, Christopher Frank
 Ingold II, John Hilary
 Irving, David Alexander
 Jay, Stephen Dilworthy

 Jeffrey, George MacKinnon
 Johnson, Patrick T.

 Johnston, Alastair Iain

 Johnston, Andrew Miles

 Johnston, William Erskine.

 Johnston, Barry Franklin

 1752 Rhodes Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 5T1.
 3033 Riverside Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K1V 8N6.
 250 Minto Place, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario. K1M 0B4.
 395 Island Park Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K1Y 0B1.
 386 Wilbrod Street, Ottawa, Ontario. K1N 6M8.
 Chipilo 718, Col. La Paz, Puebla, Pue., Mexico.
 2169 Westbourne Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K2A 1N4.
 1505 Base Line Road, Apt. #509, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K2C 3L4.
 1901 Barnhart Place, Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 5B5.
 35 Nanaimo Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K2H 6Y2.
 "The Moorings", 2780 Cassels Street, Ottawa,
 Ontario. K2B 6N8.
 179 Stewart Street, Ottawa, Ontario. K1N 6J8.
 280 Park Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K1M 0E1.
 616 Walkley Road, Ottawa, Ontario. K1V 6R9.
 616 Walkley Road, Ottawa, Ontario. K1V 6R9.
 81 Grenfell Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K2G 0G5.
 765 Lonsdale Road, Manor Park, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K1K 0J9.
 Champlain Towers, Apt. #909, 200 Rideau Ter-
 race, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 0Z3.
 4 Summerhill Terrace, Town of Mount Royal,
 Montreal, P.Q. H3H 1B8.
 1895 Savoy Place, Ottawa, Ontario. K2C 0W2.
 39 Lambton Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 0Z8.
 1090 Normandy Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K2C 0L8.
 107 Hobart Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K2H 5S3.
 107 Hobart Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K2H 5S3.
 59 Ruskin Street, Ottawa, Ontario. K1Y 4A8.
 475 Cloverdale Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario. K1M 0Y5.
 57 Cherrywood Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K2H 6H1.
 29 Rebecca Crescent, Rothwell Heights, Ottawa,
 Ontario. K1J 6B8.
 95 MacKinnon Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario. K1M 0G4.
 246 Range Road, Ottawa, Ontario. K1N 8J8.
 821 Provost Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K1V 6X5.
 Aylmer Road, Lucerne, P.Q.
 1872 Fairmeadow Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K1H 7B9.
 Flat A-19, 23 Homantin Hill Road, Kowloon,
 Hong Kong.
 Basswood Lane, R.R. #2, Lucerne, P.Q. J9H 5E1.
 P.O. Box #712, R.R. #5, Ottawa, Ontario. K1P 5P8.
 P.O. Box #712, R.R. #5, Ottawa, Ontario. K1P 5P8.
 Box 112, R.R. #1, Chelsea, P.Q. J0X 1N0.
 c/o P.O. Box 16 129, 103 23 Stockholm 16,
 Sweden.
 1448 Kilborn Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 6L9.
 c/o Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ontario.
 M4V 1W6.
 174 Dufferin Road, #8, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K1M 2A6.
 174 Dufferin Road, #8, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K1M 2A6.
 Maplewood Farm, R.R. #3, Richmond, Ontario.
 K0A 2Z0.
 401 Inn, Inter 112-160 Stewart Blvd., Brockville,
 Ontario. K6V 4W6.

Johnston, Robert Joseph
 Johnston-Berresford, Peter Nigel
 Jonkel, James
 Kadziora, Paul Michael
 Kayser, Ian David

 Keith, John Brian Campbell
 Keith, David William
 King, John William Raymond
 Knight, Patrick Geoffrey
 Kong, Yun Biu Thomas

 Konrad, Richard
 Kriegler, Andrew Joseph
 Lahey, James Michael
 Lahey, Patrick Joseph
 Laitar, John Walter
 La Traverse, Pierre Vincent

 Lavery, Shawn Charles

 Lay, James M. C.

 Lay, Charles Ian

 Leigh, Steven David

 Leth-Steensen, Craig

 Lilly, David Clarence

 Longworth, Julian Kim

 Luciani, James Gordon
 Lui, Yiu Tung Francis

 Lund, John Granville

 Lynch-Staunton, Michael

 MacDonald, Keith James

 MacLaine, Douglas Edward
 Maclaren, Gordon Chisholm

 Maclaren, Fergus T.

 MacLaurin, Philip Malcolm

 Macleod, David John

 Mahoney, Timothy David

 Mahoney, Kelly Clark

 Major, Jacques

 Malmaeus, Hans Ake

 Marchant, Ronald Huntsman
 Marchant, Andrew Bertram
 Marion, Matthew Anderson

 Martin, Peter Charles Blackburn

 11 Mary Street, Kemptville, Ontario, K0G 1J0.
 1815 Juno Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1H 6S5.
 109 Reid Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1Y 1T1.
 36 Bayswater Place, Ottawa, Ontario, K1Y 2E2.
 782 Dunloe Avenue, Manor Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1K 0K4.
 54 Evergreen Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, K2H 6C9.
 38 First Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1S 2G2.
 37 Hornell Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, K1K 0L3.
 11 Holt Place, Elliot Lake, Ontario, P5A 1V3.
 128 Austin Road, 3rd Flr., Blk. B, Kowloon,
 Hong Kong.
 70 Dufferin Road, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 2A6.
 32 Orrin Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1Y 3X6.
 2371 Georgina Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, K2B 7M6.
 2371 Georgina Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, K2B 7M6.
 15 Calais Court, Ottawa, Ontario, K2E 7E1.
 143 Acacia Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1M 0R4.
 122 Willingdon Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1M 2G1.
 Fallbrook Farm, R.R. #1, Balderson, Ontario.
 K0G 1A0.
 Fallbrook Farm, R.R. #1, Balderson, Ontario.
 K0G 1A0.
 Fairhaven Road, Box #465, Hudson, P.Q.
 J0P 1H0.
 357-B Elgin Street, Kenniston Apts., Ottawa,
 Ontario, K2P 1M7.
 140 Surrey Drive, Town of Mount Royal,
 Montreal, P.Q. H3P 1B3.
 1430H Heatherington Road, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K1V 6S1.
 3590 St. Joseph Blvd., Lachine, P.Q. H8T 1P7.
 90-B Broadway, 18th Flr., Mei Foo Sun Chuen,
 Kowloon, Hong Kong.
 15 Dunvegan Road, Manor Park, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K1K 3E8.
 2240 Halifax Drive, Apt. #304, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K1G 2W8.
 22 Birch Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1K 3G6.
 406 Lakeshore Road, Beaconsfield, P.Q. H9S 2A6.
 20 Glenwood Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1M 0W6.
 170 Lakeway Drive, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1L 5B3.
 34 Cote des Neiges Road, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K2G 2C4.
 655 Rideau Street, #31, Ottawa, Ontario.
 K1N 6A3.
 Island Park Towers, Apt. #2310, 195 Clearview
 Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1Z 6S1.
 Island Park Towers, Apt. #2310, 195 Clearview
 Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1Z 6S1.
 383 Chester Avenue, Town of Mount Royal,
 Montreal, P.Q. H3R 1W6.
 219 Coltrin Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1M 0A4.
 14 Westwood Drive, Pointe Claire, P.Q. H9S 4Y5.
 51 Norice Street, Ottawa, Ontario, K2G 2X7.
 161 Howick Street, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1M 0G9.
 Aylmer Road, R.R. #2, Aylmer East, P.Q.
 J9H 5E1.

McClenahan, David Graham
McCordick, Brian Stanley

McDonald, Rory

McGuire, Roger Arthur
McIntosh, Grant Fraser
McKenna, George R.

McKenna, Graeme Norman
McMahon, Philip John
McNeil, Jeffrey
Mensforth, Thomas Waugh
Mensforth, Toby Timothy
Meyers, David George
Mierins, Arnis E.

Mierins, Jeffrey Mark

Milne, Garth Alexander Charles
Mitchell, John A.

Mitchell, Brenton Ellwood
Mitchell, Jeffrey Martin
Moore, Michael James

Moore, Andrew Grover

Moore, John Palmer
Morrison, Robert Sinclair
Morrison, Gibert Campbell
Morton, Ian Ross

Mulock, William Francis

Munn, Robert Murray
Munro, Norman Douglas

Munro, Lauchlan Thomas

Munteanu, Victor John
Murray, Timothy Basil

Murray, Sean Patrick

Murray, Robert William Justin
Nelson, Alan David
Nesbitt, Michael John Humphreys

Nicol, Ian Robertson
Ng, Chung Yu Raymond
Oakes, Laurence Cory
O'Brien, Michael George
O'Dell, David

O'Farrell, Mark Justin
Olachea, Agustín

O'Neill, Charles Connor Griffiths

Panneton, Claude
Pardo, Claude

Parkinson, Peter

2078 Thistle Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 5P5.
c/o P.O. Box 500 (WAW), Ottawa, Ontario.
K1N 8T7.

536 Dovercourt Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario.
K2A 0T9.

247 Sherwood Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K1Y 3W3.
Box #743, R.R. #5, Ottawa, Ontario. K1G 3N3.
2 Coltrin Place, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.
K1M 0A5.

21 Glenridge Road, Ottawa, Ontario. K2G 2Z3.
2082 Thistle Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 5P5.
51 Forest Hill Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K2C 1P7.
57 Powell Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1S 1Z9.
57 Powell Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1S 1Z9.
818 Norton Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K2B 5P6.
250 Acacia Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1M 0L7.

42 Whippoorwill Drive, Ottawa, Ontario.
K1J 7H9.

Lake Kingsmere, Old Chelsea, P.Q. J0X 2N0.
2060 Benjamin Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario.
K2A 1N9.

460 Wilbrod Street, Ottawa, Ontario. K1N 6M8.
460 Wilbrod Street, Ottawa, Ontario. K1N 6M8.
603 Chester Street, Brooklyn, New York, 11212,
U.S.A.

603 Chester Street, Brooklyn, New York, 11212,
U.S.A.

7 West Park Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K1B 3H1.
169 Clemow Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1S 2B3.
169 Clemow Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1S 2B3.
641 Acacia Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1M 0M6.

387 Maple Lane, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1M 1H7.

203 John St. West, Waterloo, Ontario. N2L 1C6.
2368 Haddington Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario.
K1H 8J4.

2368 Haddington Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario.
K1H 8J4.

"Waterloo", Denver, Pennsylvania 17517, U.S.A.
393 Fernbank Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1M 0W7.

393 Fernbank Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1M 0W7.

24 Clemow Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1S 2B2.
17 Rebecca Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K1J 6B8.
290 Park Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.
K1M 0E1.

165 Clemow Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1S 2B3.
111 Robinson Road, 3rd Flr., Hong Kong.
St. Regis P.O., St. Regis, P.Q. J0S 1Z0.
49 High Street, Carleton Place, Ontario. K0A 1J0.
863 Kingsmere Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario.
K2A 3J8.

382 Chapel Street, Ottawa, Ontario. K1N 7Z6.
Circuito Novelistas No. 10, Ciudad Satelite,
Mexico.

92 Lisgar Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.
K1M 0E6.

43 Gendron Street, Hull P.Q. J9A 1B7.
201 Metcalfe Avenue, Westmount, Montreal P.Q.
H3Z 2H6.

1127 Cameo Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K2C 1Y6.

Paterson, Donald Cameron	Station "F", P.O. Box 664, Thunder Bay, Ont. P7C 4W6.
Pearson, Michael	571 Manor Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 0J1.
Perry, Gad Alexander	37 Tiverton Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, K2E 6L6.
Pilaar, Rolf Joseph	P.O. Box 500 (ND1), Ottawa, Ontario, K1N 8T7.
Pleet, Lawrence	273 Roger Road, Ottawa, Ontario, K1H 5C5.
Poirier, André Arthur	143 Rideau Terrace, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 0Y9.
Polk, Nicholas	34 Union Street, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 1R4.
Price, William Andrew	33 Holton Avenue, Westmount, Montreal, P.Q. H3Y 2E9.
Price, Gordon Arthur	33 Holton Avenue, Westmount, Montreal, P.Q. H3Y 2E9.
Puttick, Stephen Richard	473 Brierwood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K2A 2H2.
Puttick, Michael	473 Brierwood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K2A 2H2.
Puttick, James Harold	473 Brierwood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K2A 2H2.
Reeves, Kevin Richmond	711 Sherbourne Road, Ottawa, Ontario, K2A 3H4.
Rhodes, Ian Nelson	333 Minto Place, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 0B2.
Rhodes, Christopher Douglas	333 Minto Place, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 0B2.
Rigby, Stephen James	35 Lambton Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 0Z8.
Rigby, Vincent Charles	35 Lambton Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 0Z8.
Robertson, Richard Scot	1128 Lake Sylvan Drive, Calgary, Alta. T2J 2R1.
Robertson, Ronald Scott	17 Rothwell Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, K1J 7G5.
Robinson, Jacques Noel	1085 Elmlea Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, K1J 6W3.
Romain, Michael Broughton	11 Hobart Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario, K2H 5S3.
Ross, Douglas John H.	38 Sioux Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario, K2H 7E5.
Rowlinson, Matthew Charles	434 Fortier Street, St. Hilaire, P.Q. J3H 3X5.
Rowlinson, Andrew John	434 Fortier Street, St. Hilaire, P.Q. J3H 3X5.
Roy, John Alexander	1535 Larch Street, Halifax, N.S. B3H 3W7.
Scarth, Ian Campbell	8 Qualicum Street, Ottawa, Ontario, K2H 7G8.
Schafer, Richard Alexander	Box #1328, Picton, Ontario, K0K 2T0.
Schoeler, Robert John Andrew	177 Stewart Street, Ottawa, Ontario, K1N 6J8.
Schwarzmann, Ronald Louis	343 Buena Vista Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 0W1.
Segall, Danny Dennis M.	8 Roselawn Street, Dollard des Ormeaux, P.Q.
Sellers, Graham	457 Oakhill Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 1J5.
Sellers, Philip	457 Oakhill Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 1J5.
Sellers, Richard	457 Oakhill Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 1J5.
Sellers, Arthur William Gordon	29 Davidson Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, K1J 6L7.
Shields, Robert MacArthur	"Cairncroft", Rideau Valley Drive, R.R. #3, Manotick, Ontario, K0A 2N0.
Singh, David	245 Clemow Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1S 2B5.
Sirotek, Robert Frederick	323 Washington Street, Ogdensburg, New York, 13669, N.Y., U.S.A.
Smirnow, Alexander	285 Eugene Street, Fabreville, Laval, P.Q. H7P 2R8.
Smith, George Robert Alexander	14 Highburn Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario, K1B 3H8.
Sourial, Michael	7 Belvedere Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 0E5.
Spearman, Orrin Andrew	3270 Carling Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K2H 5A8.
Squires, Douglas William	37 Beaumaris Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, K2H 7K5.
Steady, Harold Peter Hamilton	275 Buchan Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 0W4.
Stehr, Christopher John Addison	920 Dynes Road, #63, Ottawa, Ontario, K2C 0G8.
Stevens, Michael Paul	Calle Picacho #351, Pedregal de San Angel, Mexico 20, D. F.
Stoddard, Frederick Lothrop	180 Acacia Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 0R3.

Sung, Wah Ting Eddie	80D Broadway Street, 9th Flr., Mei Foo Sun Chuen, Kaichikok, Hong Kong.
Surgenor, Robert Leslie	50 Lyttleton Gardens, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario. K1L 5A6.
Sutcliffe, Frederick Gray	37 Okanagan Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K2H 7E9.
Sutterlin, Richard Michael	22 Normand Blvd., Chateauguay Centre, P.Q. J0L 2A0.
Symington, Donald Ford	35D Deerfield Drive, Ottawa, Ontario.
Tamblyn, David Gordon	c/o Lakehead University, Thunder Bay P., Ontario.
Tamblyn, Robert Gordon	c/o Lakehead University, Thunder Bay P., Ontario.
Tanos, Stephen Thomas	2303 Fox Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K2B 7K6.
Tapp, Peter Gordon	River Road, R.R. #1, Manotick, Ontario. K0A 2N0.
Taticek, Peter	94 Maple Lane, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 1H5.
Teron, Christopher Noel	7 Crescent Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 0N1.
Tervo, Richard John	145 Axmith Avenue, Elliot Lake, Ontario. P5A 1B9.
Tolnai, Ronald Andrew	1954 Lauder Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K2A 1B1.
Tootoo, Hunter Akat	c/o Pinegrove Farms Ltd., Box #1890, Fort McMurray, Alberta, T0A 1K0.
Trainor, Niall Anthony	Apt. #901, Shannon Towers, 5976 Tisdall Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V5Z 3N2.
Tross, Anthony Squire	64 The Driveway, Ottawa, Ontario. K2P 1E3.
Tso, Shek Kwan Peter	387 Chatham Road, 7th Flr., Kowloon, Hong Kong.
Tutton, John Charles	Basswood Lane, R.R. #2, Lucerne, P.Q. J9H 5E1.
Vanikiotis, Anthony	1245 Placid Street, Ottawa, Ontario. K2C 3A8.
Van Leeuwen Boomkamp, Phillip	21 Linden Terrace, Ottawa, Ontario. K1S 1Z1.
Veilleux, Hugues	74 Gall Blvd., Drummondville, P.Q. J2C 1H6.
Veilleux, Clermont	74 Gall Blvd., Drummondville, P.Q. J2C 1H6.
Verhey, Shawn Gordon	32 Chinook Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K2H 7E1.
Viets, Mark Robert	305 Thorold Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 0K1.
Walker, Robert Scott	Apt. #1205, Champlain Towers, 200 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 0Z3.
Walker, Clifford	1455 Sherbrooke St. West, Apt. #2704, Montreal, P.Q. H3G 1L2.
Walker, Ian Michael	Box #635, Rockland, Ontario. K0A 3A0.
Walls, David McKinley	#7 Rock Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 1A5.
Walsh, John Murray	Box #473, Upper Whitlock, Hudson Heights, P.Q. J0P 1J0.
Warren, Timothy Michael	7 Eleanor Drive E., Ottawa, Ontario. K2E 6A3.
Warwick, Guy Conrad	R.R. #2, Eardley, P.Q.
Watson, Stephen Noel	2088 Thistle Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 5P5.
Wayand, Martin	16 Fairhaven Way, Ottawa, Ontario. K1K 0R3.
Webb, Timothy Rhodes	10 Wedgewood Court, Ottawa, Ontario. K1B 4B7.
Welch, Douglas Lindsay	35 Mohawk Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K2H 7G7.
Welch, David Andrew	35 Mohawk Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K2H 7G7.
Welch, Stephen Edward	35 Mohawk Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K2H 7G7.
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Whitney, Brian	Box #886, Grand Cayman, B.W.I.
Wilgress, Edward Dana Cameron	230 Manor Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 0H4.
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Wilson, Shawn Patrick	965 Dresden Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K2B 5H9.

Wilson, Ian Fraser	14 Maple Lane, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 1G7.
Wong, Shiu Fai Bernard	63 Blue Pool Road, Flat B, 2nd Flr., Happy Valley, Hong Kong.
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Yeung, Si-Ming	No. 113, Tai Hang Road, Swiss Tower, 7th Flr., Flat "F", Hong Kong.
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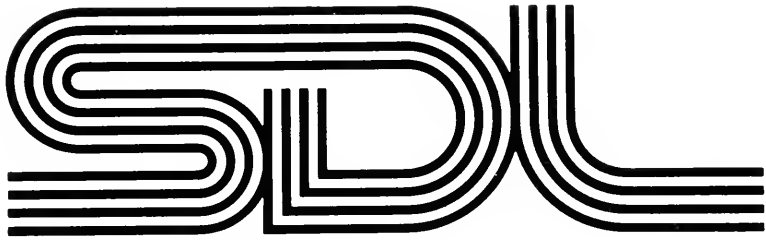


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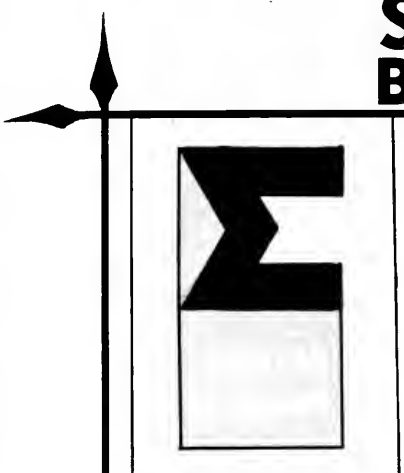
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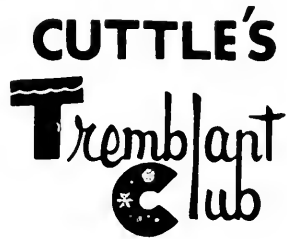
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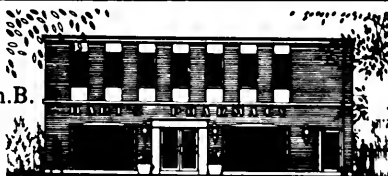
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